



THE  
**SPIRIT**  
OF THE  
PLAYS OF SHAKSPEARE,  
EXHIBITED IN A  
SERIES OF OUTLINE PLATES  
ILLUSTRATIVE OF  
THE STORY OF EACH PLAY  
DRAWN AND ENGRAVED  
BY FRANK HOWARD  
WITH  
QUOTATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS  
VOL IV

LONDON

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**DAVISON SIMMONS, AND CO WHITEHALLS**

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OF

VOL IV

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- 17 The Abbess brings in Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse



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## CORIOLANUS

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- 2 Caius Marcius alone within the walls of Corioli
- 3 Caius Marcius attacking Aufidius, who is rescued by some Volscies
- 4 Caius Marcius Coriolanus stands for consul, but by the agency of the tribunes the people rise against him
- 5 Coriolanus going into banishment, taking leave of his family
- 6 Coriolanus goes to the house of Aufidius
- 7 Coriolanus being appointed general of the Volscian forces, the Romans send and entreat peace in vain Menenius is then persuaded to go, in hopes that his ancient friendship with Coriolanus may prevail

- 8 Coriolanus mother wife and child with another noble lady of Rome come to entreat for peace. Aufidius old hate being revived by the admiration of the Volscies for Coriolanus he seeks occasion to destroy him
  - 9 Coriolanus accused by Aufidius of having betrayed the trust reposed in him by the Volscies They rise against him
- 

## JULIUS CÆSAR

- 1 Antony offering the crown to Cæsar —Cassius endeavouring to rouse Brutus.
  - 2 Brutus with the conspirators
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  - 4 The conspirators coming to fetch Cæsar to the capitol —Calphurnia endeavouring to prevent his going
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  - 7 Brutus and Cassius after the reconciliation
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- 

## ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

- 1 Cleopatra arriving at Taurus
- 2 Antony taking leave of Cleopatra on hearing of the death of his wife Fulvia.
- 3 The meeting between Octavius Cæsar and Antony
- 4 The marriage of Antony with Octavia.
- 5 The return of Octavia to Rome.
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- 7 The meeting after the battle.
- 8 Cleopatra assisting to arm Antony

- 9 Antony threatening Cleopatra
- 10 Antony calls upon Eros to kill him
- 11 Cleopatra, Iias, and Charmian raising up Antony into the monument —The guard are assisting in raising Antony by means of his cloak tied to the points of their spears
- 12 Caesar's interview with Cleopatra —Cleopatra kneels
- 13 The death of Cleopatra

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## CYMBELINE

- 1 Belarius and Euriphile stealing Guiderius and Arviragus, sons of Cymbeline —Imogen is left sleeping on the couch
- 2 The marriage of Cymbeline with the mother of Cloten —Posthumus is ingratiating himself with Imogen, and Cloten receiving the first impression
- 3 The banishment of Posthumus —Enter Cymbeline and lords —The queen is seen as the instigator of Cymbeline's cruelty, and Cloten meditating his attack on Posthumus
- 4 Posthumus' wager with Iachimo
- 5 Iachimo's attempt on Imogen
- 6 Iachimo stealing Imogen's bracelet
- 7 Cloten tendering his services to Imogen
- 8 Iachimo produces the bracelet as testimony of his having won his wager
- 9 Pisanio having, by the order of Posthumus, induced Imogen to go to Milford Haven to meet him, shows the letter in which Posthumus commands her death
- 10 Imogen, disguised as a boy, in Belarius' cave Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus returning
- 11 Cloten compelling Pisanio to produce Posthumus' garments, on discovering that Imogen was gone
- 12 Imogen supposed to be dead from the operation of a drug given to her by Pisanio —Cloten has been killed by Guiderius, whom he had attacked —Enter Arviragus bearing Imogen as dead in his arms

- 13 Imogen having been laid by the headless body of Cloten from the garments supposes it to be Posthumus. She is found by Lucius
- 14 The rescue of Cymbeline by Belarius Guiderius and Arviragus — Leonatus Posthumus having come over in the Roman army throws off his armour and disguised as a peasant seconds the Britons he vanquisheth and disarmeth Iachimo
- 15 Posthumus resumes the Roman habit and yields himself a prisoner
- 16 Posthumus vision in the prison
- 17 Cymbeline having promised Imogen as Lucius page any request she can have to make she desires that Iachimo may be compelled to show how he obtained Posthumus ring Belarius Guiderius and Arviragus, in doubt about the identity of Imogen
- 18 Imogen discovers herself Belarius restores Guiderius and Arviragus to Cymbeline as his sons.

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## PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

- 1 Simonides giving Thaisa to Pericles
- 2 Thaisa's burial at sea
- 3 The revival of Thaisa in the house of Cerimon
- 4 Marina rescued from Lionne by pirates
- 5 Cleon shows Pericles the tomb of Marina professing that she had died a natural death
- 6 The visit of Iysimachus to Marina at Boult's house
- 7 Marina and Iysimachus.
- 8 Pericles discovers Marina who has been introduced to him as a stranger to relieve his woes by her conversation and her music
- 9 The discovery of Thaisa in the temple of Diana whither Pericles had gone in obedience to a vision from the goddess



# THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

SEVENTEEN PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### *THE COMEDY OF ERRORS*

INTRODUCTORY scenes, in explanation of Ægeon's story, are given in this series of designs to render them complete and intelligible. Some of the "Errors" are unavoidably omitted as utterly impossible to be represented, but they are minor points, and the spirit of the comedy, it is hoped, will be found faithfully transferred by the subjects chosen.

With regard to the costume, the early destruction of Ephesus imperatively throws it back to the period of the antique, "despite" the mention of America and rapiers.



## I

*The ship wreck of ÆGEON and ÆMILIA*

“ÆGEON My wife, more careful for the latter born,  
Had fasten'd him unto a small spire mast,  
Such as seifiring men provide for storms  
To him one of the other twins was bound,  
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other  
The children thus disposed, my wife and I,  
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,  
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast  
And floating strught, obedient to the stream,  
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock  
Which being violently borne upon,  
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst

Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burden'd  
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,  
Was carried with more speed before the wind ”

ACT I S 1

## II

ANTIPHOLUS *takes leave of his father, and sends  
DROMIO to catch for him the*

“Ægeu — My youngest boy, and yet my eldest son,  
At eighteen years, became a captive;  
After his brother; and importuned me,  
That his attendant (for his case was like —  
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name),  
Might bear him company in quest of him;  
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see,  
I hazarded the loss of whom I loved.”

Act I. S. 1

## III

*The marriage of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus with  
ADRIANA, at the desire of the Duke.*

“An — Whom I made lord of me and all I had,  
At your important letters.”

Act V. S. 1

## IV

TIGION *arriving at Ephesus*

“If any Sarcusian born  
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies  
His goods confisicate to the duke's dispose,  
Unless a thousand marks be levied,  
To quit the penalty and ransom him  
Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,  
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks  
Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die”

ACT I S I

## V

ANTIPHOLUS of *Syracuse* accosted by ADRIANA and  
LUCIANA.

“AD. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange and frown.  
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects  
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife

ANT Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not

LUC. Fie, brother! how the world is changed with you!  
When were you wont to use my sister thus?

AD. Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine  
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine

ANT To me she speaks; she moves me for her theme.  
What, was I married to her in my dream?  
Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?  
What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?  
Until I know this sure uncertainty,  
I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

DRO. This is the fairy land —O spite of spites!—  
We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.  
If we obey them not, this will ensue—

They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue

AD. Come, sir, to dinner, Dromio, keep the gate.”

ACT II. S 2

## VI

ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of *Ephesus* at the door  
of the house, with ANGELO and BALTHAZAR

DRO of E What patch is made our porter? My  
master stays in the street

DRO of S [ *cithin* ] I let him walk whence he came,  
lest he catch cold on s feet

ANT Who talks within there? Ho! open the door!

DRO of S Right sir, I ll tell you when, an you ll  
tell me wherefore

ANT Wherefore? for my dinner I have not dined  
to day

DRO of S Nor to-day here you must not Come again  
when you may

ANT What art thou, that keep st me out from the  
house I owe?

DRO of S The porter for this time, sir and my name  
is Dromio

DRO of E O villain, thou hast stolen both mine office  
and my name!

ANG Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome we  
would fain have either

BAL In debating which w is best, we shall part with  
neither'

## VII

ANTIPHOLUS *of Syracuse*, and LUCIANA.

“LUC. And may it be that you have quite forgot  
 A husband's office ? Shall Antipholus hate  
 Even in the spring of love thy love-springs rot ?  
 Shall love, in building, grow so ruate ?  
 If you did wed my sister for her wealth,  
 Then, for her wealth's sake, use her with more kindness  
 Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,  
 Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ,  
 Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife  
 'Tis holy sport to be a little vain,  
 When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife  
 ANT

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,  
 Nor to her bed no homage do I owe ;  
 Far more, far more, to you do I decline.  
 O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,  
 To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears  
 Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote ”

ACT III. S 2

LUCE *laying claim to DROMIO, in the kitchen, as her husband*

“DRO  
 call'd me Dromio, swore I was assured to  
 her, told me what privy marks I had about me—as the  
 mark on my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart  
 on my left arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.”

ACT III. S. 2

## VIII

ANTIPHOLUS of *Ephesus*, and BALTHAZAR, *with*  
*the Courtezan at the Porcupine*

“COUR A ring of mine he had worth forty ducats  
And for the same he promised me a chain

ACT IV S 3

## IX

ANGELO *bringing the gold chain to ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.*

“ANG Master Antipholus?

ANT Ay, that's my name

ANG I know it well, sir Lo! here is the chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine.

The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

ANT What is your will that I shall do with this?

ANG. What please yourself, sir I have made it for you

ANT Made it for me, sir? I bespoke it not.

ANG Not once or twice, but twenty times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive the money for my chain

ANT. I pray you, sir, receive the money now,

For fear you ne'er see chain or money more

ANG. You are a merry man, sir, fare you well”

(DROMIO *of Syracuse in the distance, bargaining for a passage in some vessel leaving Ephesus.*)

ACT III. S. 2.

## X

ANGELO *arrested by a Merchant, claims the money for the chain of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus*

“MER My business cannot brook this dalliance  
Good sir, say whe r you ll answer me or no  
If not, I ll leave him to the officer

ANT I answer you ! What should I answer you ?

ANG The money that you owe me for the chain

ANT I owe you none till I receive the chain

ANG You know I gave it you half an hour since

ANT You gave me none you wrong me much to say  
so

ANG You wrong me more, sir, in denying it  
Consider how it stands upon my credit

ACT IV S 1

(DROMIO of Syracuse, coming from the vessel, is sent by  
ANTIPHOLUS to ADRIANA for money to pay the  
Goldsmith )

## XI

DROMIO *of Syracuse receiving the gold from LUCIANA*

AD Go fetch it sister —

Go Dromio there s the money bear it straight  
And bring thy master home immediately

ACT IV S 2

## XII

DROMIO of *Syracuse* brings the gold to ANTIPHOLUS of *Syracuse* they are met by the Courtesan, who claims the gold chain promised to her by ANTIPHOLUS of *Ephesus*

“COUR. Well met, well met, master Antipholus  
I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now  
Is that the chain you promised me to-day ?

ANT Satan, avoid ! I charge thee tempt me not !

COUR Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,  
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised,  
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you

DRO. Some devils ask but the paring of one's nail,  
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,  
A nut, a cherry-stone, but she, more covetous,  
Would have a chain

Master, be wise an' if you give it her,  
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

COUR I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.  
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

ANT. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.”

ACT IV. S. 3

## XIII

*The Courtezan having persuaded ADRIANA and LUCIANA that ANTIPHOLUS is mad they obtain the aid of PINCH a conjurer to set him in his wits again They meet ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus the former under the conduct of the officer by whom ANGELO had arrested him*

“PINCH Mistress, both man and master is possess d  
I know it by their pale and deadly looks  
They must be bound, and laid in some dark room

More company,—the fiend is strong within him

AD Good master doctor see him safe convey d  
Home to my house —O most unhappy day !

ANT O most unhappy strumpet !

DRO Master I am enter d in bond for you

ANT Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou mad  
me ?

DRO Will you be bound for nothing ? Be mad,  
Good master cry, the devil —

LUC God help, poor souls, how idly do they tall !

ACT IV S 4

## XIV.

ANGELO *and the Merchant meet* ANTIPHOLUS *of*  
*Synacuse with the gold chain round his neck, DROMIO*  
*of Synacuse is with him*

“ANG Signor Antipholus, I wonder much  
 That you would put me to this shame and trouble,  
 And not without some scandal to yourself,  
 With circumstance and oaths, so to deny  
 This chain, which now you wear so openly  
 Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,  
 You have done wrong to this my honest friend,  
 Who, but for staying on our controversy,  
 Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day  
 This chain you had of me can you deny it?”

ANT I think I had, I never did deny it

MER Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too

ANT Who heard me to deny it or forswear it?”

MER These ears of mine, thou knowest, did hear thee.  
 Fie on thee, wretch! ’tis pity that thou liv’st  
 To walk where any honest men resort.

ANT. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus  
 I’ll prove my honour and mine honesty  
 Against thee presently, if thou dar’st stand.

MER I dare, and do defy thee for a villain

*Enter* ADRIANA, LUCIANA, *Courtezans, and others*

AD Hold! hurt him not, for God’s sake! he is mad  
 Some get within him, take his sword away  
 Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house

DRO Run, master, run, for God’s sake take a house  
 This is some priory,—In, or we are spoil’d”

x

ANTIPHOLUS *of Ephesus having gnawed his bonds  
in sunder, released* DROMIO

“            Beaten the maids a row, and bound the doctor  
Whose beard they have singed off with brands of fire  
And ever as it blazed, they threw on him  
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair  
My master preaches patience to him, while  
His man with scissors nicks him like a fool

ACT V S 1

## XVI

*The Duke, with ÆGEON going to execution, passes the Priory, and while ADRIANA requests his authority to take her husband from the Priory, ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Ephesus, having escaped from PINCH, enter.*

“AD . . . The abbess shuts the gates on us,  
And will not suffer us to fetch him out,  
Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence  
Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,  
Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help.

ANT Justice, most gracious duke! oh, grant me justice!

ÆGE Unless the fear of death do make me dote,  
I see my son Antipholus and Dromio.

ANT. Justice, sweet prince, against that woman there—  
She whom thou gav’st to me to be my wife,  
That hath abused and dishonour’d me  
Even in the strength and height of injury!  
Beyond imagination is the wrong  
That she this day hath shameless thrown on me”

ACT V. S. 1.

## XVII

*The Abbess brings in ANTIPHOLUS and DROMIO of Syracuse*

"AD I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me

DUKE One of these men is genius to the other

And so of these Which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? Who deciphers them?

DRO of S I, sir, am Dromio command him away

DRO of E I, sir, am Dromio pray let me stay

ANT of S Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?

DRO of S O my old master! who hath bound him here?

ABB Whoever bound him I will loose his bonds,

And gain a husband by his liberty —

Speak, old Ægeon if thou be st the man

That had st a wife once called Æmilia,

That bore thee at a burden two fair sons

O if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak

And speak unto the same Æmilia!

ÆGE If I dre um not, thou art Æmilia

DUKE Why, here begins this morning's story right

These two Antipholus's, these two so like,

And these two Dromio's, one in semblance,—

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea —

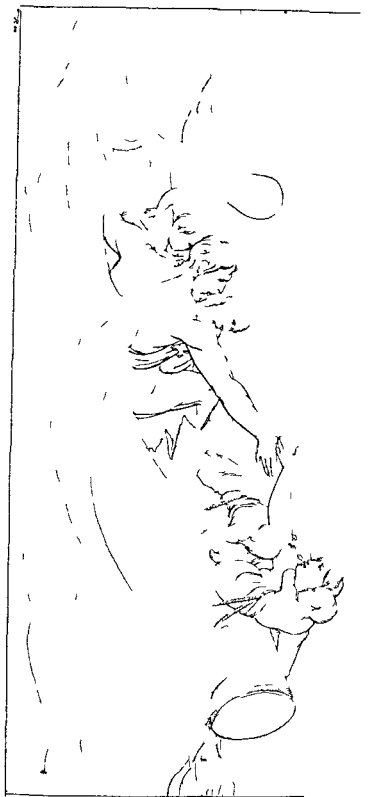
These are the parents to the children

Which accidentally are met together

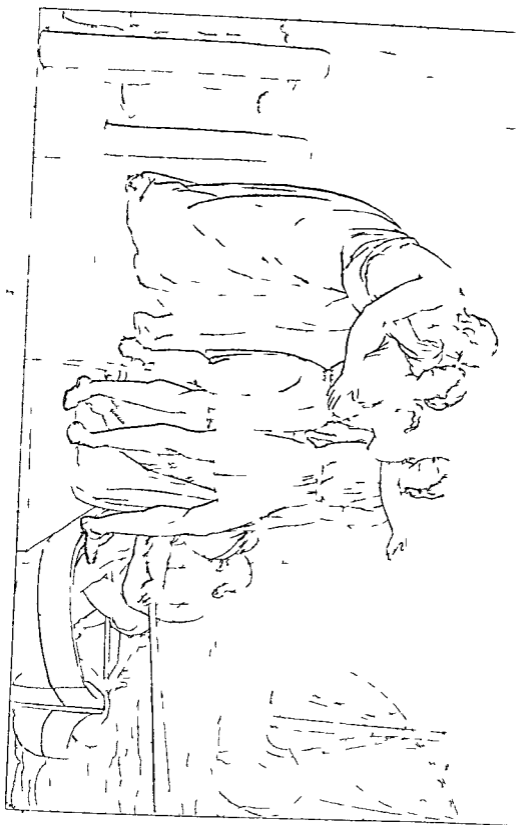
Thy father hath his life

ACT V S 1

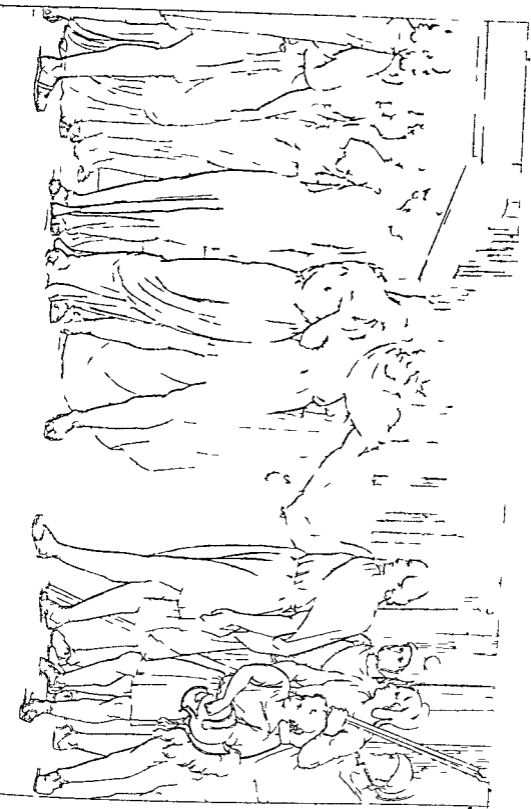




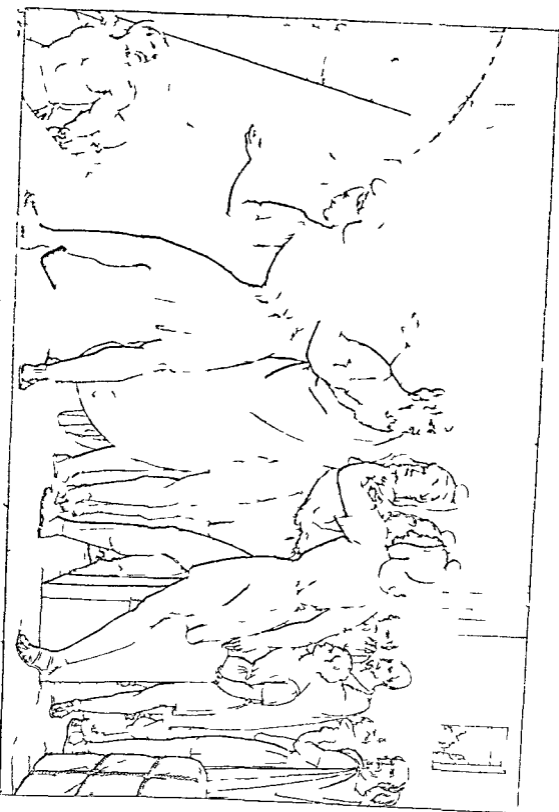




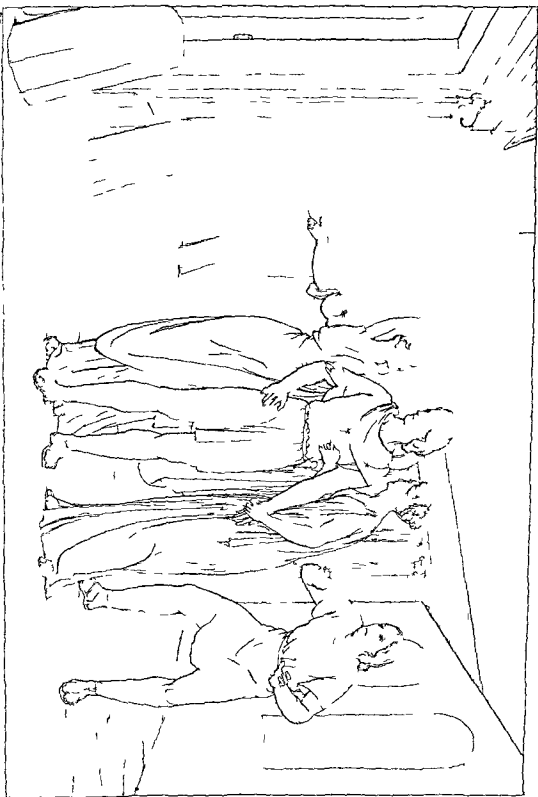




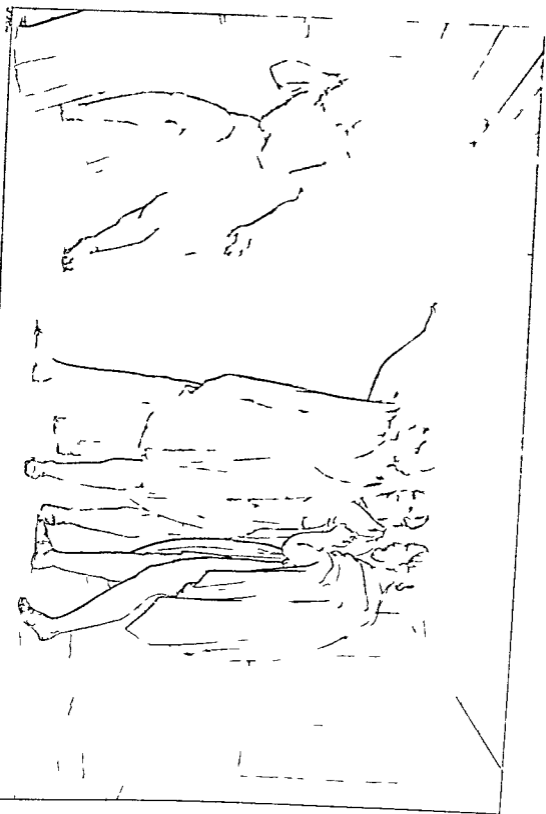




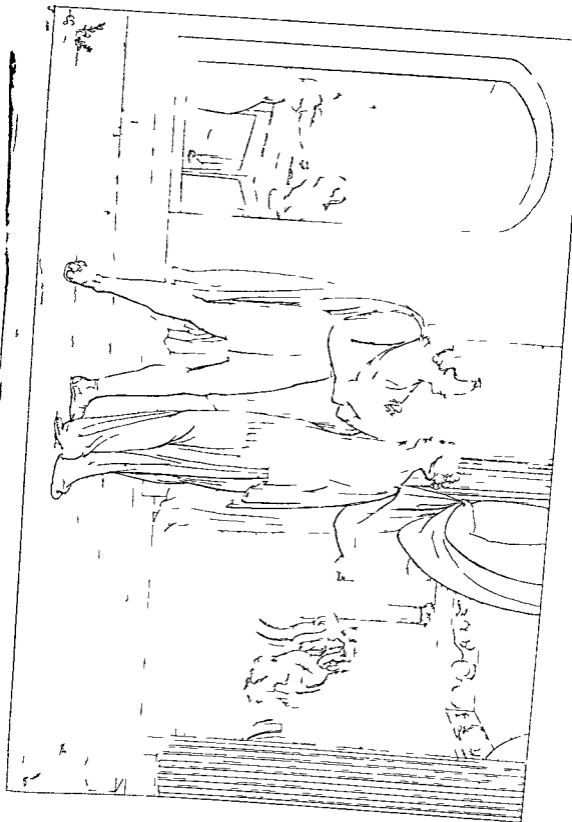


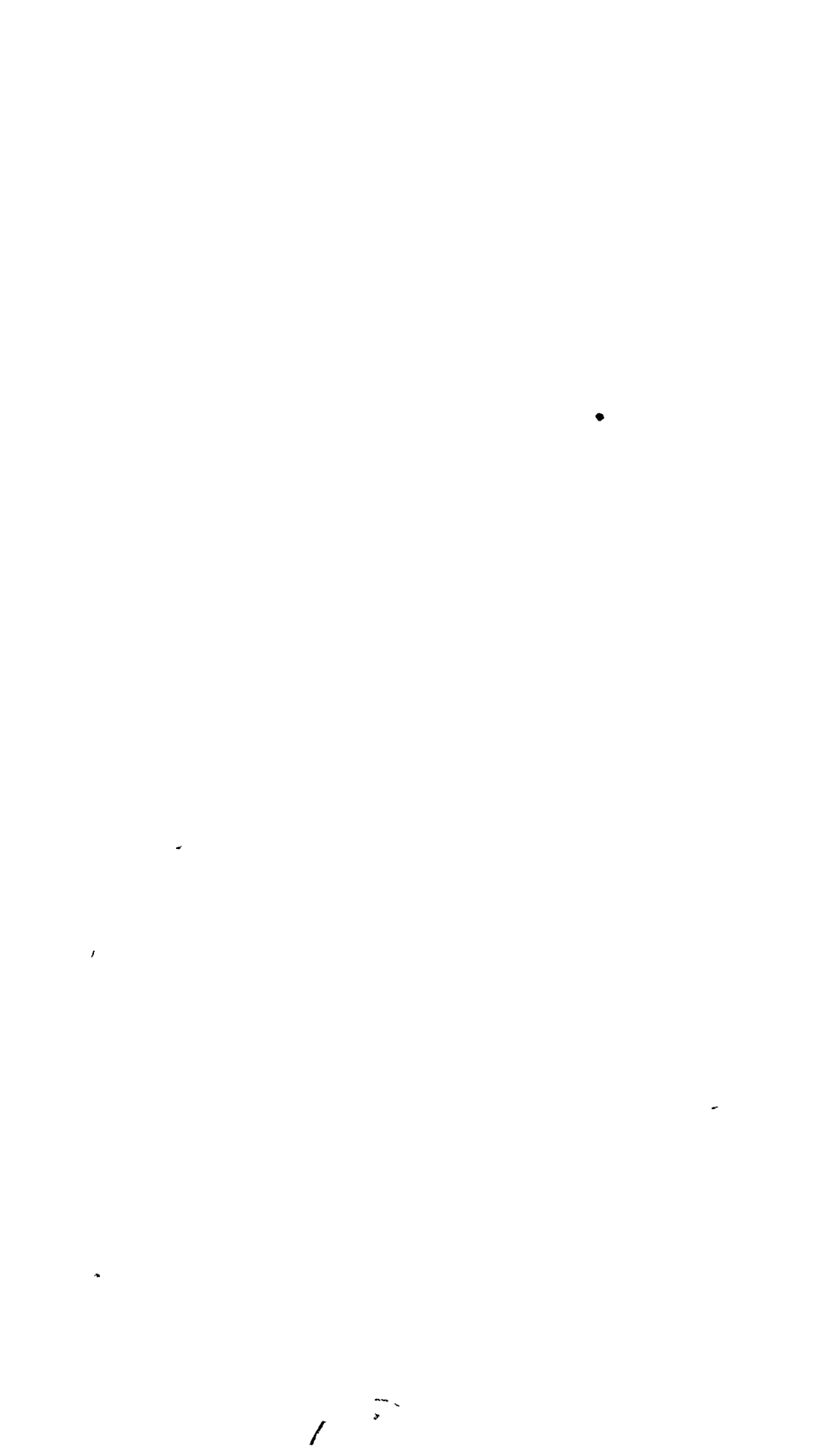


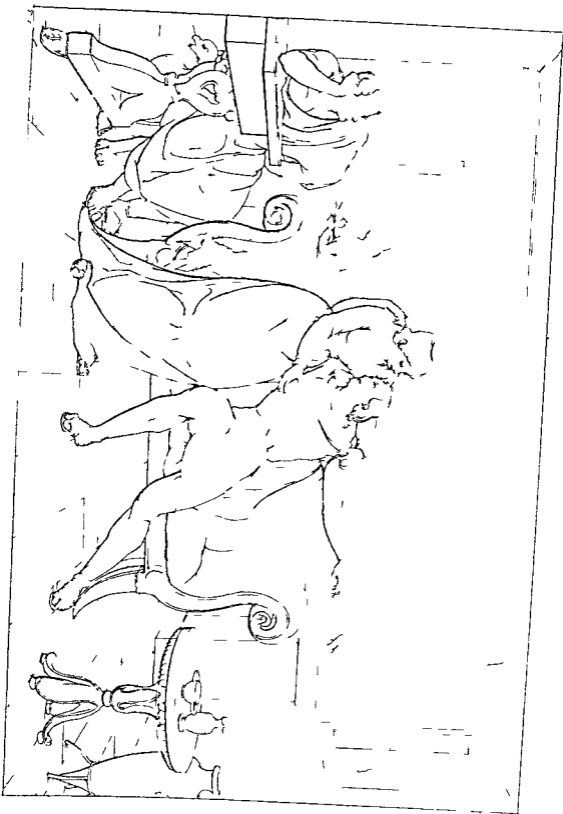




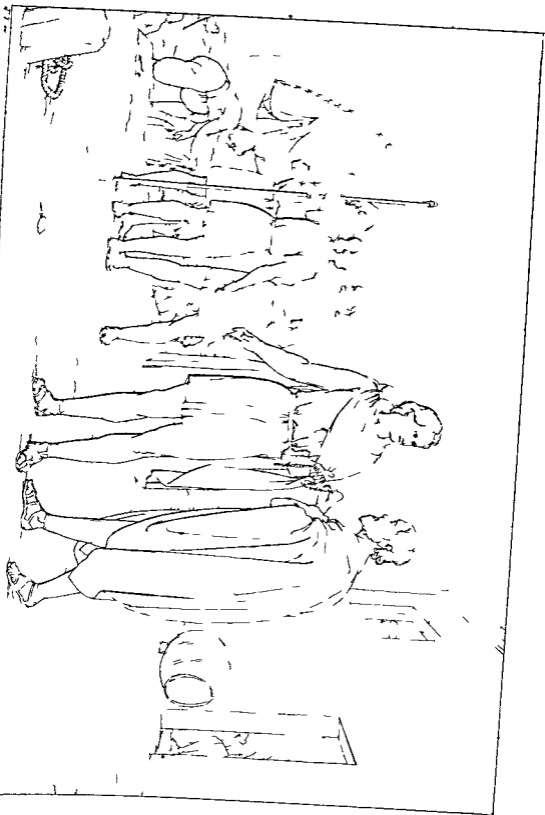












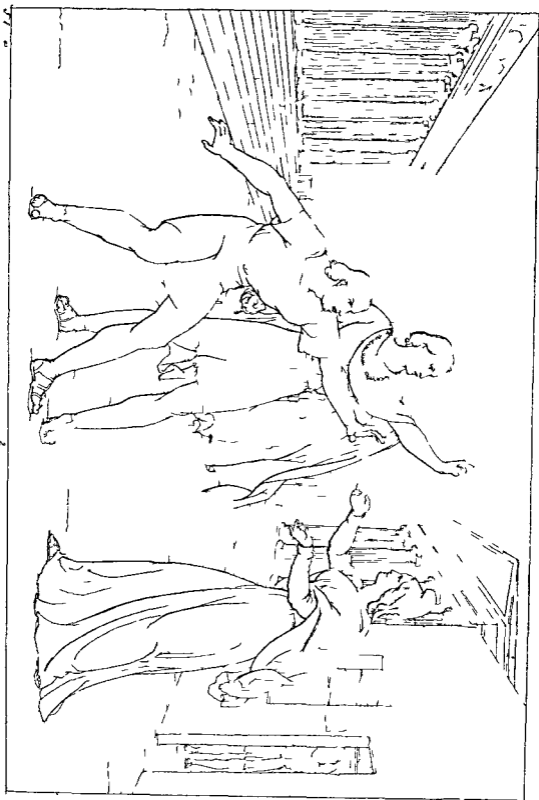




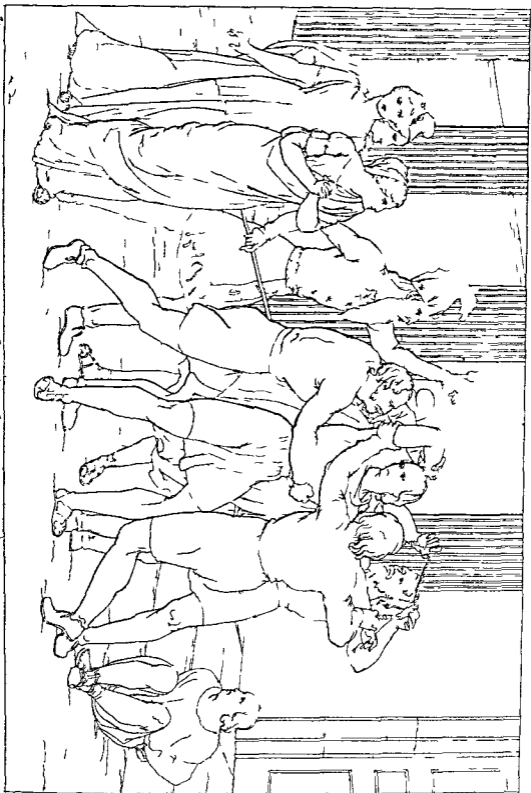




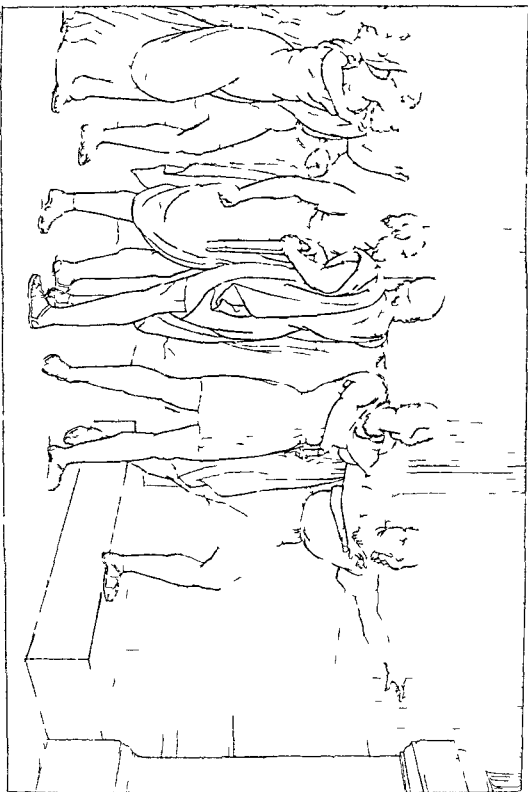




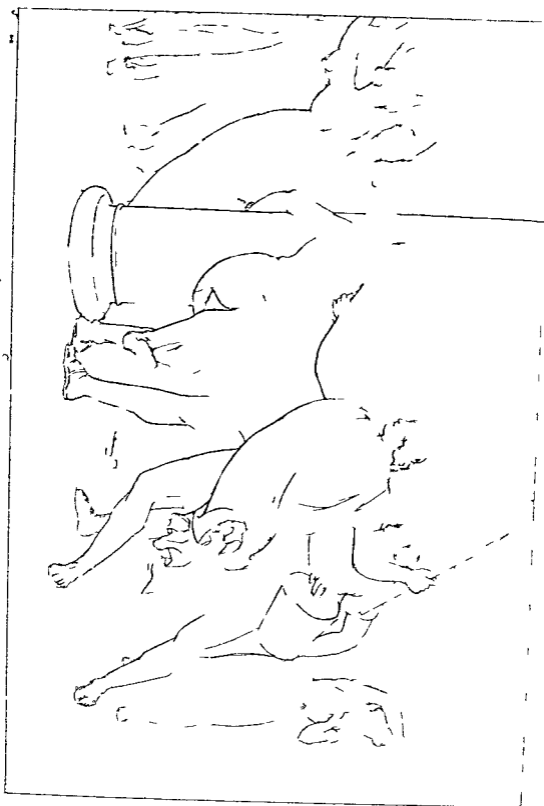




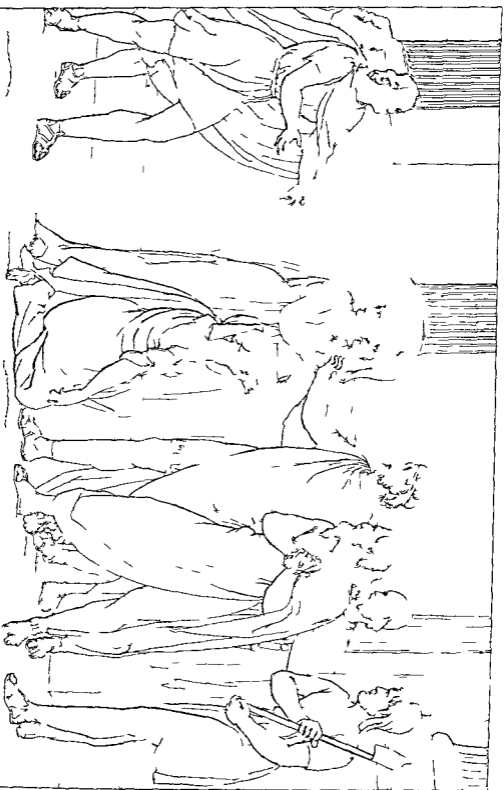




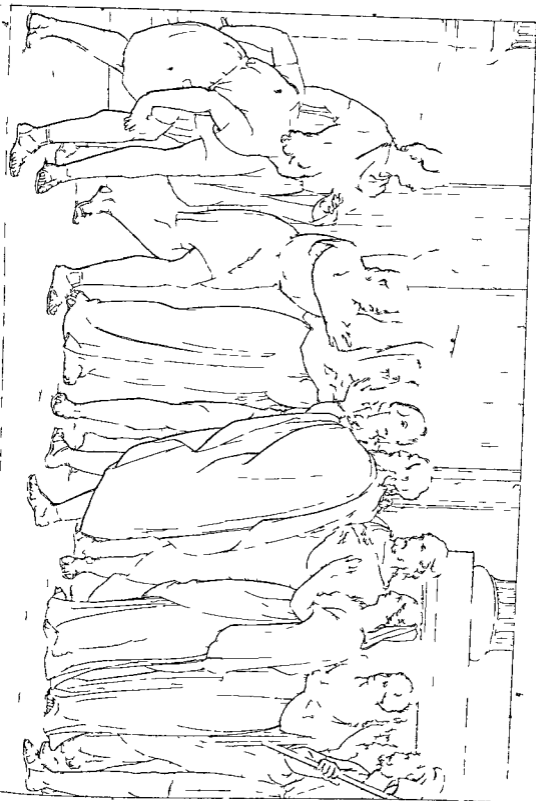














## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### *TROILUS AND CRESSIDA*

THE classical grandeur in the subjects of this play renders it peculiarly adapted to pictorial illustration, though one of the least attractive amongst the splendid productions of our bard, in its literary character. The heroes immortalized by Homer and ancient art afford such capabilities for the display of imagination and design that it has not been confined within the limits of comparatively few plates without regret. Were the play in greater favour, and classical subjects received with more attention, a liberty would have been taken with the plan of these illustrations, and every subject alluded to in the text should have been introduced, it should have been Shakspeare elucidated by Homer, with the aid of Phidias and his brother sculptors. But it would have added to an already extensive work what, in the taste of the

present day, it is to be feared, would be considered an encumbrance. Still one or two subjects have been deemed necessary to the conduct of the story, and one, “Helen disarming Hector,” for the sake of introducing the celebrated object<sup>s</sup> of contention in the Tiojan war. The strictest accuracy in the costume has been attended to, and the just distinction made between the Greeks and Tiojans.

## I

PANDARUS and CRESSIDA *watching the return of the Trojan chiefs from the field* —ÆNEAS, ANTENOR, HECTOR, PARIS, HELENUS, and TROILUS *pass*

“CRESS What sneaking fellow comes yonder?

PAN Where? yonder? that s Deiphobus tis Troilus! there s a man, niece! Hem! brave Troilus! the prince of chivalry! Look you how his sword is bloodied and his helm more hack d than Hector s

ACT I S 2

## II

CASSANDRA *raving*

“CASS Cry Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,  
And I will fill them with prophetic tears

HECT Peace, sister, peace!

CASS Virgins and boys midage and wrinkled elders,  
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry  
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes  
A moiety of that mass of morn to come —  
Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears  
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand  
Our firebrand brother, Paris, burns us all  
Cry, Trojans cry! a Helen and in woe  
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go

ACT II S 2

### III.

HELEN *assisting to unarm* HECTOR

“PARIS. Sweet Helen, I must woo you  
To help unarm our Hector his stubborn buckles,  
With these your white enchanting fingers touch’d,  
Shall more obey than to the edge of steel,  
Or force of Greekish sinews, you shall do more  
Than all the island kings—disarm great Hector.

HELEN 'Twill make us proud to be his servant, Paris;  
Yea, what he shall receive of us in duty,  
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,  
Yea, overshines ourself."

Acı III S 1.

## IV

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA

"TRO You have bereft me of all words, lady.

PAN   What, billing again? Here's  
—*In witness whereof the parties interchangeably*—  
Come in, come in, I'll go get a fire

TRO Why was my Cressid then so hard to win?

CRESS Hard to seem won,"

ACT III. S. 2

## V

*The Grecian chiefs pass by ACHILLES and PATROCLUS with slight notice, when they are standing at the entrance of their tent*

“AJAX How now, Patroclus?

ACHILL. Good morrow, Ajax

AJAX Ha?

ACHILL. Good morrow

AJAX Ay, and good next day too

ACHILL. What mean these fellows? Know they not Achilles?

*(ULYSSES follows, catching the effect of his scheme to mortify ACHILLES pride)*

ACT III S 2

## VI

THERSIFES *imitating* AJAX

“THER Why, he stalks up and down like a peacock  
a stride and a stand he knows not me I said  
*good morrow, Ajax, and he replies, thanks, Agamemnon*

I will put on his presence let Patroclus make demands to  
me You shall see the pageant of Ajax

PAT Jove bless great Ajax!

THER Humph!

PAT I come from the worthy Achilles—

THER Ha!

ACHILL. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

ACT III S 3



## IX

ACHILLES *and* HECTOR

"HECT Is this Achilles?

ACHILL I am Achilles

HECT Stand fair, I pray thee let me look on thee

ACHILL Behold thy fill

HECT Nay, I have done already

ACHILL Thou art too brief I will the second time,

As I would buy thee, view thee limb by limb

ACT IV S 5

## X

TROILUS *with* ULYSSES, *catching*—DIOMED  
and CRESSIDA, *with the sleeve given to her by*  
TROIUS

"CRESS Nay, do not snatch it from me

He that takes that must take my heart withal

DIO I had your heart before, this follows it.

TRO I did swear patience

CRESS You shall not have it, Diomed faith you shall  
not

I'll give you something else

DIO I will have this whose was it?"

ACT V S 2

## XI

ANDROMACHE, CASSANDRA, *and* PRIAM *endeavouring to persuade* HECTOR *not to go to the field*

“CASS. Lay hold upon him, Priam, hold him fast;  
He is thy crutch now if thou lose thy stay,  
Thou on him leaning, and all Troy on thee,  
Fall all together.

PRIAM                               Come, Hector, come, go back  
Thy wife hath dream'd, thy mother hath had visions  
Cassandra doth foresee; and I myself  
Am like a prophet suddenly enrapt,  
To tell thee that this day is ominous.  
Therefore come back.

HECT   You know me dutiful, therefore, dear sir,  
Let me not shame respect, but give me leave  
To take that course, by your consent and voice,  
Which you do here forbid me, royal Priam

CASS   O, Priam, yield not to him.

ANDRO                               Do not, dear father.

HECT   Andromache, I am offended with you;  
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.”

ACT V. S. 3.

## VII

*The Battle*—TROILUS *engaging* DIOMED and  
AJAX—*The body of PATROCLUS carried off to*  
ACHILLES *from* HECTOR

“Go bear Patroclus body to Achilles

ACT V S 5

TROILUS O traitor, Diomed! turn thy false face, thou  
traitor,

And pay thy life thou ow'st me for my horse!

DIO Ha! art thou there?

AJAX I'll fight with him alone stand, Diomed

DIO He is my prize, I will not look upon

Come both you cogging Greeks, have at you both

ACT V S 6

## VIII

ACHILLES *arming on seeing the dead body of*  
PATROCLUS

“Great Achilles

Is arming weeping, cursing, vowing vengeance

Patroclus wounds have rous'd his drowsy blood

ACT V S 5

## XIV

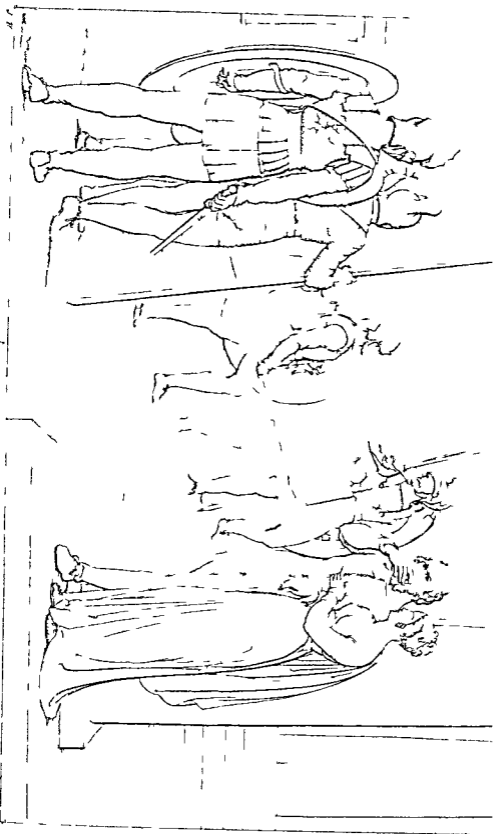
*The death of HECTOR*

“ACHILLES. Look, Hector, how the sun begins to set,  
How ugly night comes breathing at his heels.  
Even with the veil and dark’ning of the sun,  
To close the day up, Hector’s life is done

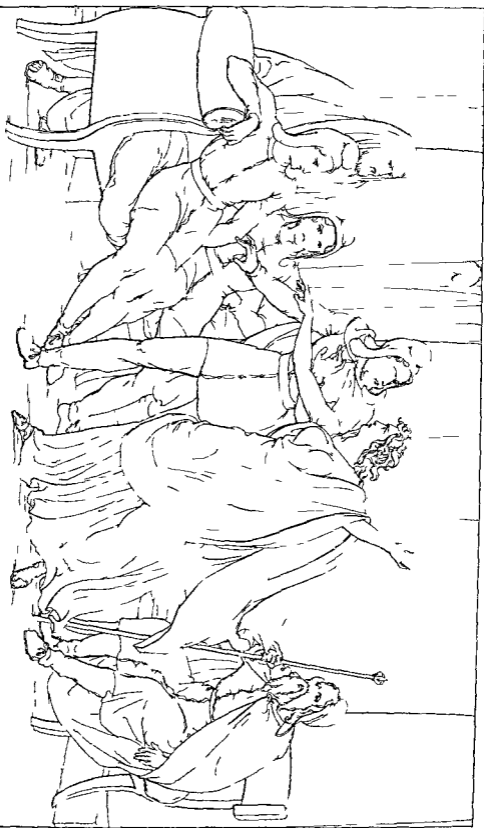
HECT I am unarmed forego this vantage, Greek

ACHIL Strike, fellows, strike, this is the man I seek.”

ACT V S 9.



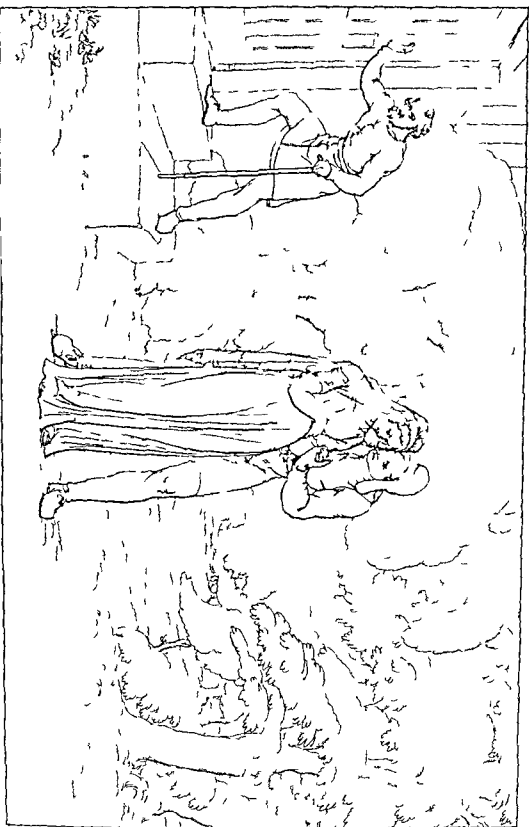




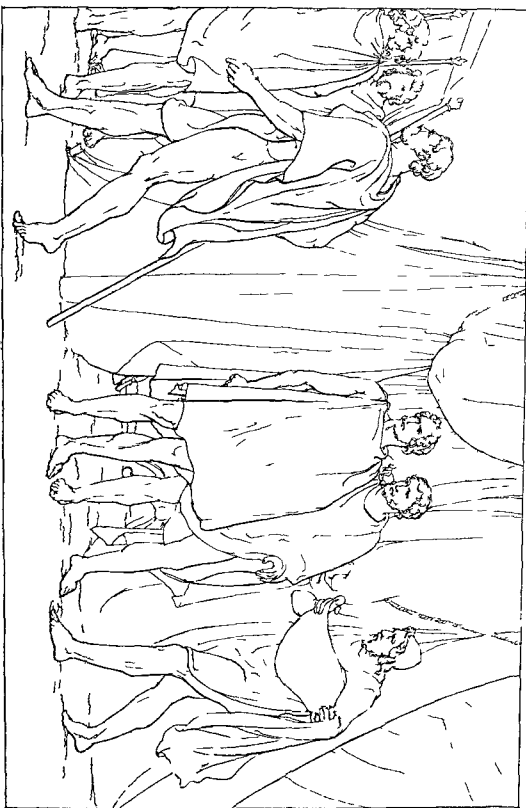














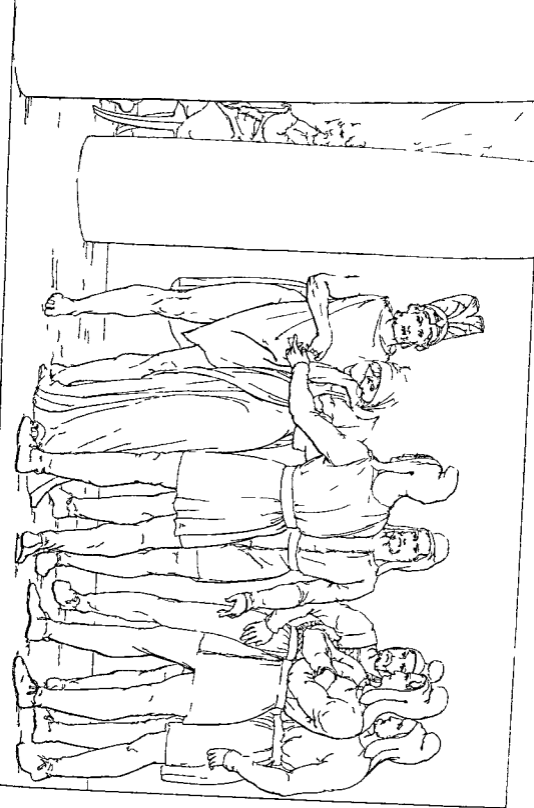


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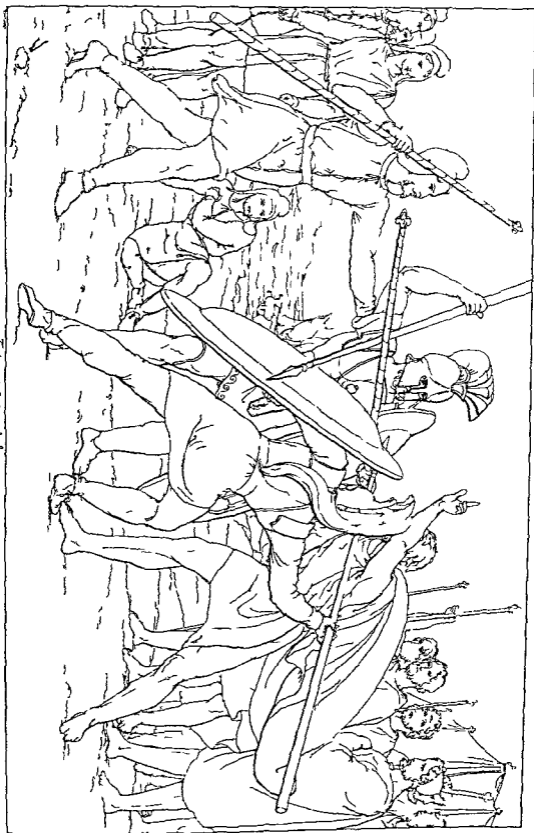
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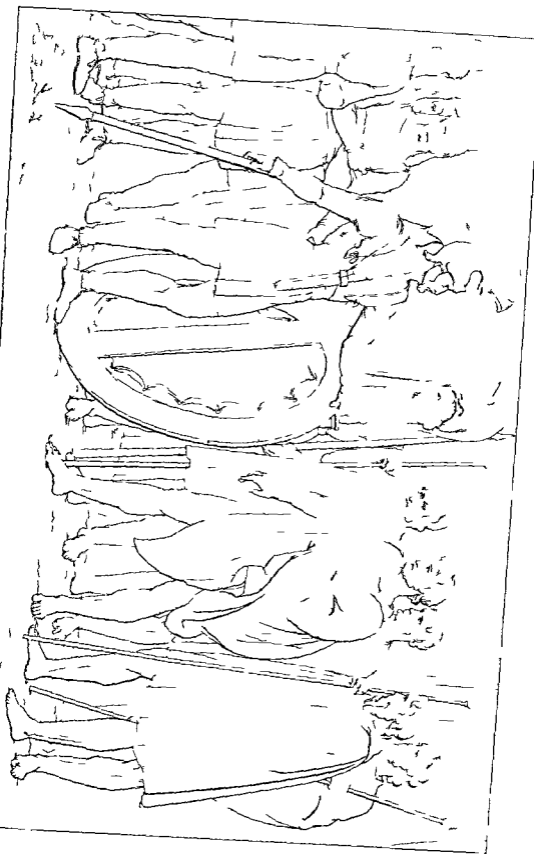
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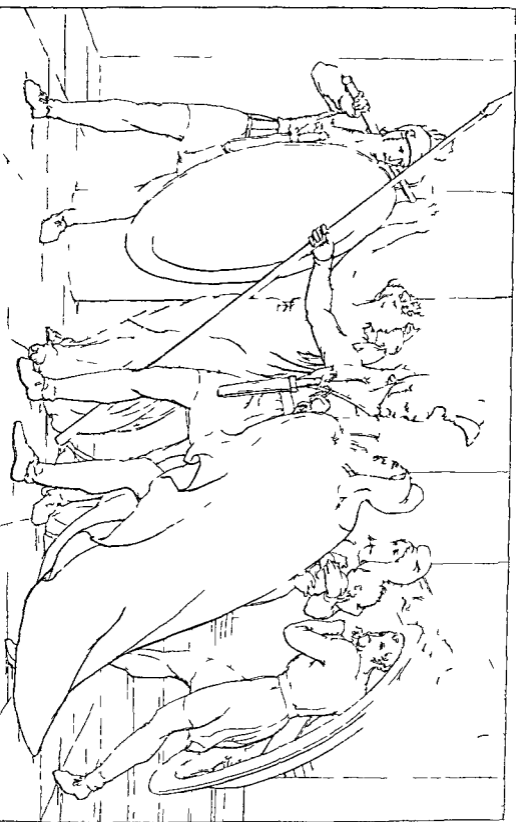




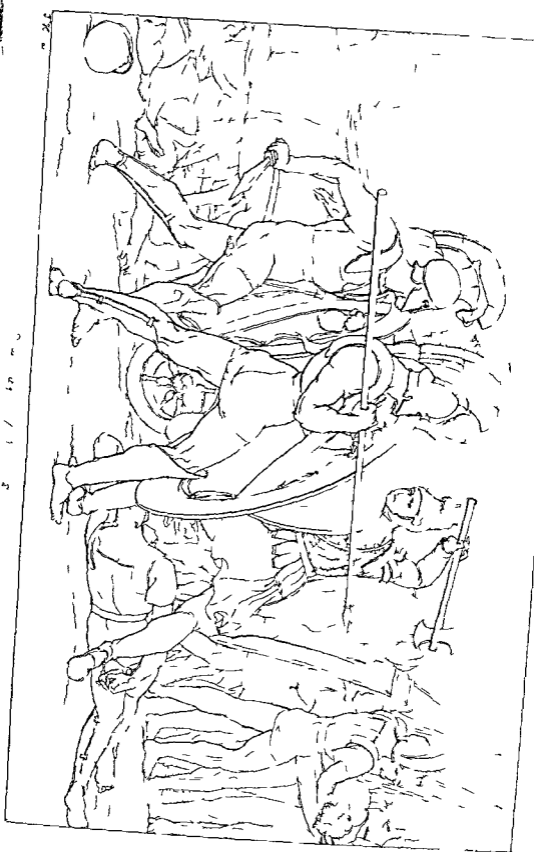






















# TIMON OF ATHENS

EIGHT PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD



## I

TIMON *in his days of prosperity*—FLAVIUS, *his steward, grieving over his imprudent generosity*

“FLAV More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour,  
Else I should tell him,—well,—I faith, I should,  
When all s spent, he d be cross d then, an he could  
Tis pity bounty had not eyes behind,  
That man might ne er be wretched for his mind

TIM O my friends, I have one word  
To say to you —Look you, my good lord, I must  
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to  
Advance this jewel,  
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord

I LORD I am so far already in your gifts

ALL So are we all.”

ACT I S 2







## VI

TIMON gives gold to ALCIBIADES, who is proceeding to attack ATHENS, and to his two mistresses, PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA

"TIM There's gold to pay thy soldiers  
Make large confusion and thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone!

ALCID Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou  
givest me—

Not all thy counsel

PHRY and TIMA Give us some gold, good Timon  
hast thou more?

FIVE                      There's more gold  
Do you damn others and let this damn you—  
And ditches grave you all

Act IV S 3

## VII

TIMON *and* FLAVIUS.

“FLAV. I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief, and whilst this poor wealth lasts,  
To entertain me as your steward still.

TIM Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
So comfortable? It almost turns  
My dangerous nature wild”

Act IV S 3

# VIII

SENATORS *come to entreat TIMON to return to Athens and take the command of the army opposed to ALCIBIADES*

“1 SEN The senators, with one consent of love,  
Entreat thee back to Athens

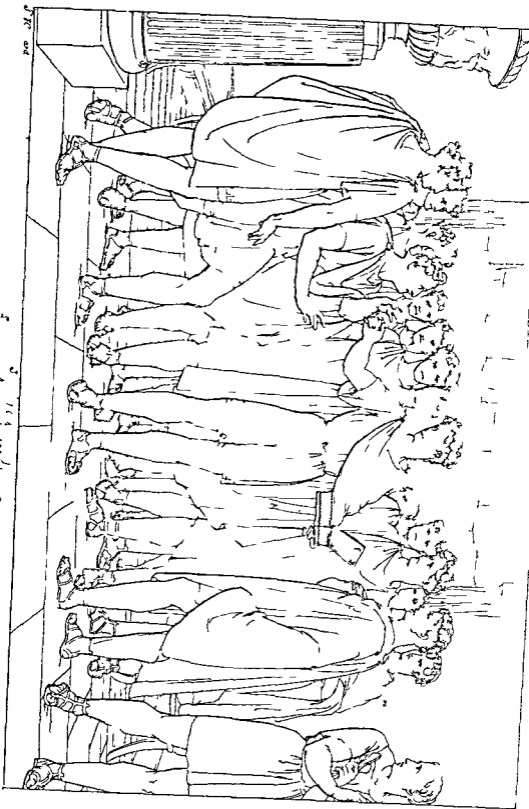
Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens (thine and ours) to take  
The captainship thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority —so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades the approaches wild,  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace

TIM Go, live still  
Be Alcibiades your plague, and you his,  
And last so long enough  
Come not to me again

What is amiss, plague and infection mend !  
Graves only be men's works, and death their gain !  
Sun hide thy beams ! Timon hath done his reign

ACT V S 2

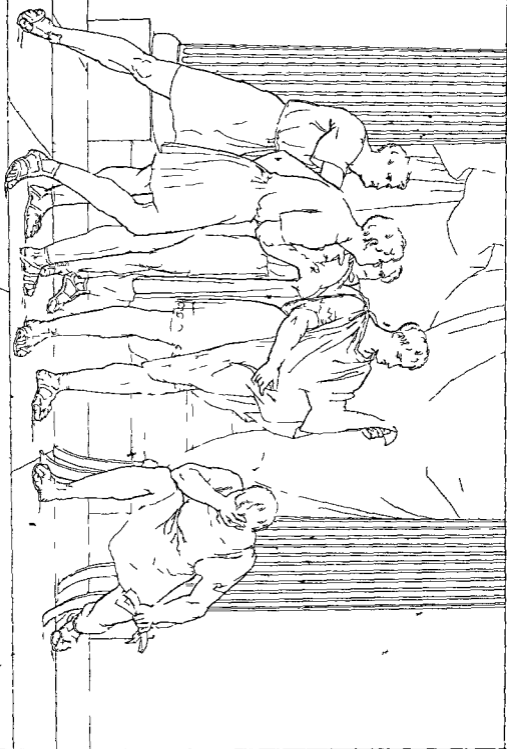




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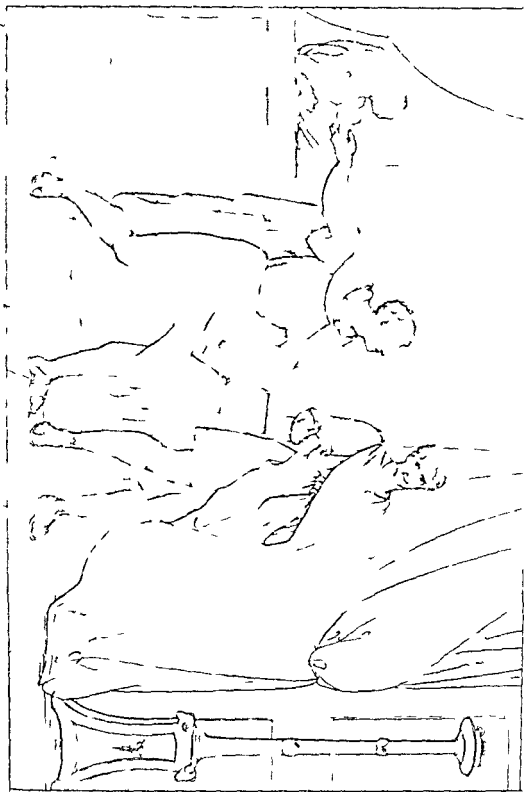
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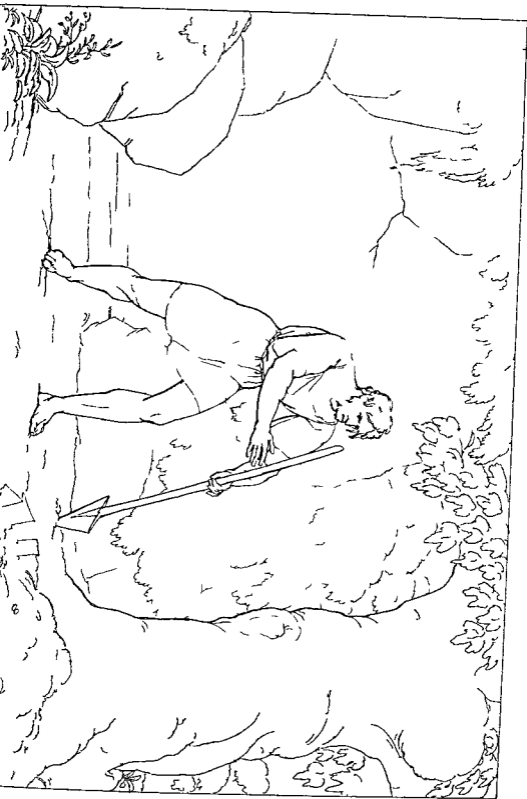














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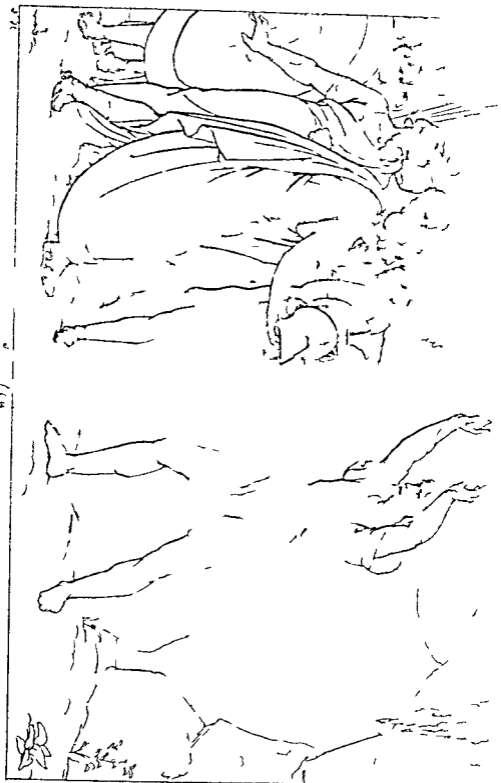


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**CORIOLANUS**

**NINE PLATES**

**DRAWN AND ENGRAVED**

**BY FRANK HOWARD**



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### CORIOLANUS

THE illustrations of this celebrated tragedy have been commenced with the original cause of the hostility between the people and CORIOLANUS, and the mobbing has been condensed as much as possible. To those who remember Kemble in this character, it may appear that some of his *points* have been omitted, but that is the case only where the point has been in the dialogue, and not possible to be represented in pictorial delineation.

#### I

CAIUS MARCIUS *opposing the people on the subject of  
the gratuitous distribution of corn*

"CIT Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own  
price

MAR What's the matter, you dissentious  
rogues!

That, rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,  
Make yourselves scabs?

1 CIT We have ever your good word

MAR He that will give good words to thee, will flatter  
Beneath abhorring — What would you have, you curs?

What's their seeking?

MEN For corn at their own rates whereof they say  
The city is well stored

ACT I S 1

## II

CAIUS MARCIUS *alone within the walls of Corioli*

“Following the flies at the very heels  
With them he enters, who, upon the sudden,  
Clapp’d to their gates, he is himself alone,  
To answer all their city”

ACT I S. 4

## III.

CAIUS MARCIUS *attacking* AUFIDIUS, *who is rescued*  
*by some Volscs*

“AUF. Officious, and not valiant—you have shamed me  
In your condemn’d seconds.”

ACT I. S. 8

## IV

CAIUS MARCIUS CORIOLANUS *stands for consul,*  
*but by the agency of the tribunes the people rise against*  
*him*

“BRU The ædiles, ho ! let him be apprehended.

SIC Lay hold of him,

Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence  
Into destruction cast him

COR No, I’ll die here

(*Drawing his sword*)

There’s some among you have beheld me fighting,  
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me

MEN Down with that sword,—tribunes, withdraw  
awhile”

ACT III S 1

## V

CORIANANUS *going into banishment, taking leave of his family*

“COR Come, leave your tears a brief farewell —the  
beast

With many heads butts me away —Nay mother,  
Where is your ancient courage?

ACT IV S 1

## VI

CORIANANUS *goes to the house of AUFIDIUS*

‘COR If Tullus,  
Not yet thou know’st me, and seeing me, dost not  
Think me for the man I am, necessity  
Commands me name myself

AUF What is thy name?

COR A name unmusical to Volscian ears,  
And harsh in sound to thine  
My name is Curius Marcius, who hath done  
To thee particularly and to all the Volscies,  
Great hurt and mischief thereto witness my  
My surname, Coriolanus

only that name remains  
The cruelty and envy of the people,  
Permitted by our dastard nobles who  
Have all forsook me hath devour’d the rest  
And suffer’d me by the voice of slaves to be  
Whoop’d out of Rome

AUF O, Marcius, Marcius!  
Each word thou hast spoke hath weeded from my heart  
A root of ancient envy

I SERV What an arm he has! he turned me about  
with his finger and thumb, as one would set up a top

ACT IV S 5

## VII

CORIANUS being appointed General of the Volscian Forces, the Romans send and entreat peace in vain  
 MENENIUS is then persuaded to go, in hopes that his ancient friendship with CORIANUS may prevail

“ COR    Away!

MEN    How! Away!

COR    Wife, mother, child, I know not    My affairs  
 Are servanted to others, though I owe  
 My revenge properly, my remission lies  
 In Volscian breasts

   Yet, for I loved thee,  
 Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,  
 And would have sent it ”

Act V. S 2

## VIII

CORIO LANUS mother *is*, and child, *is* another noble lady of Rome, come to entreat for peace AUI DIUS old hate being revived by the admiration of the Volsces for CORIO LANUS he seeks occasion to destroy him

' Vol.                      Thou shalt no sooner  
March to assault thy country, than to tread  
(Trust to t thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,  
That brought thee to this world

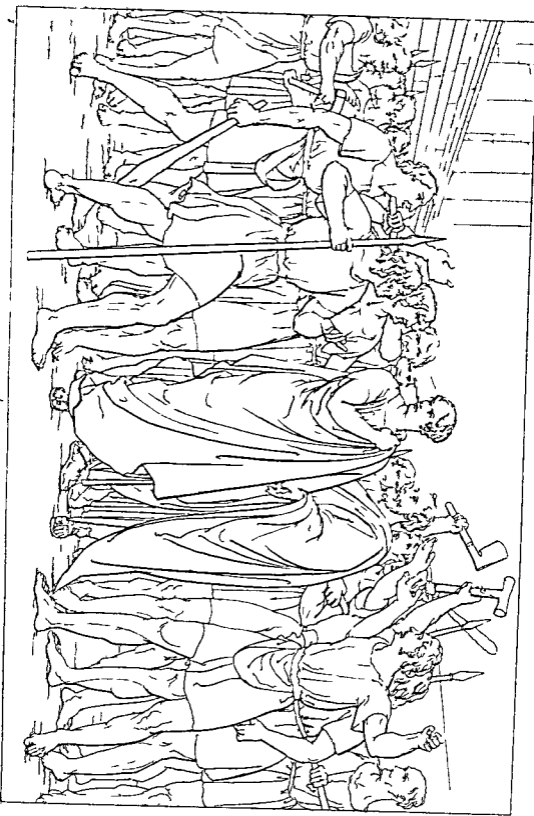
VIR Ay, and on mine  
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name  
Living to time

Vol Nay, behold us  
This boy that cannot tell what he would have,  
But kneels and holds up hands for fellowship,  
Does reason our petition with more strength  
Than thou hast to deny it

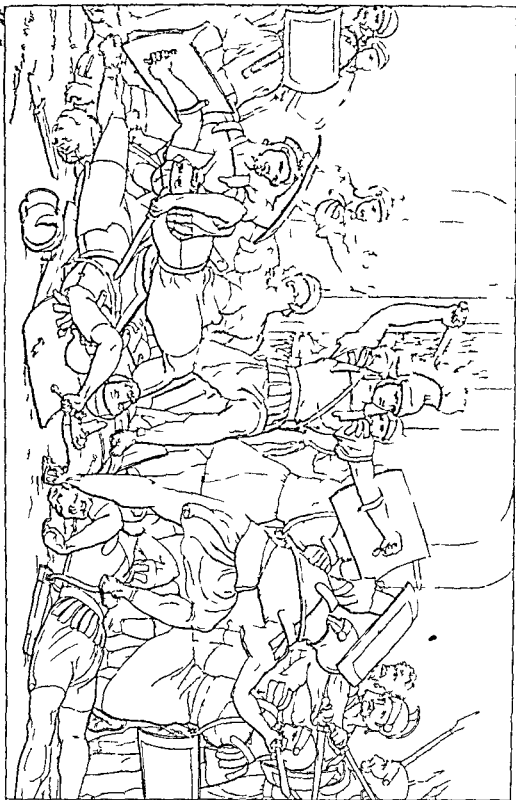
AUF I am gl'd thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour  
At difference in thee out of that I'll work  
Myself a former fortune (Aside)

Ac1 V S 3



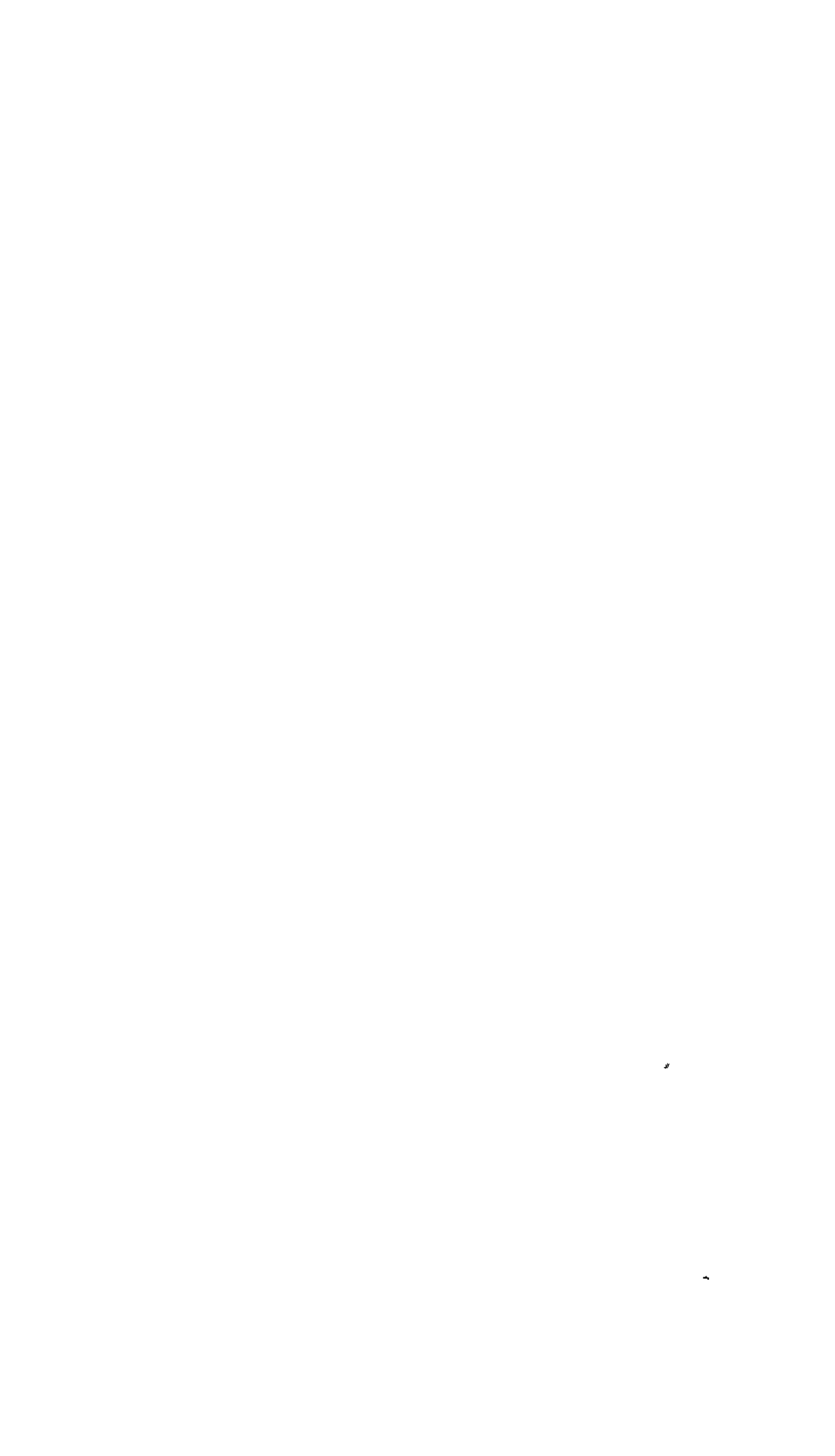


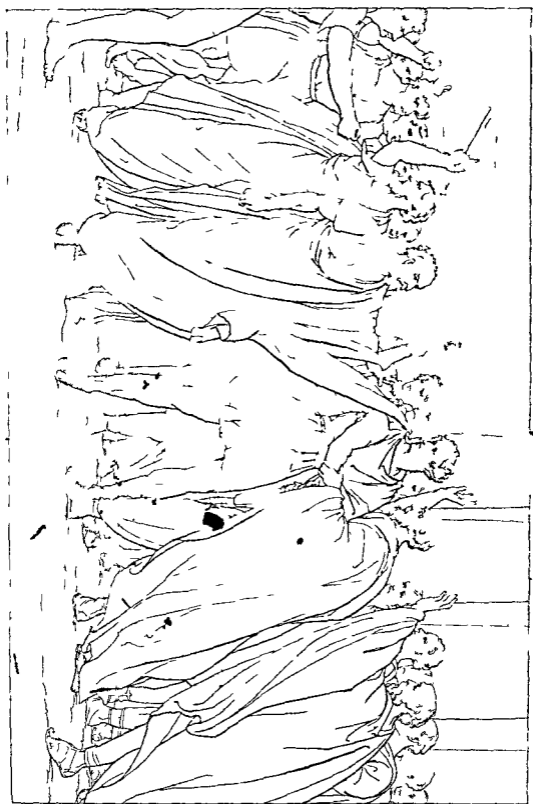










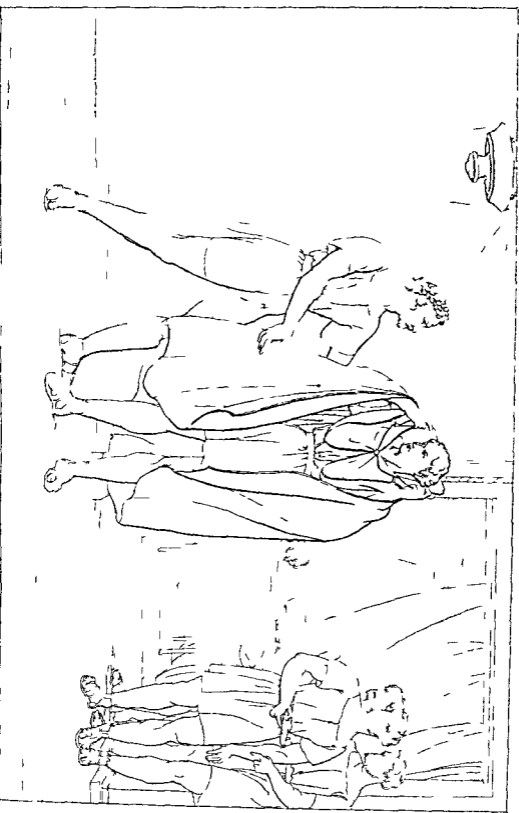




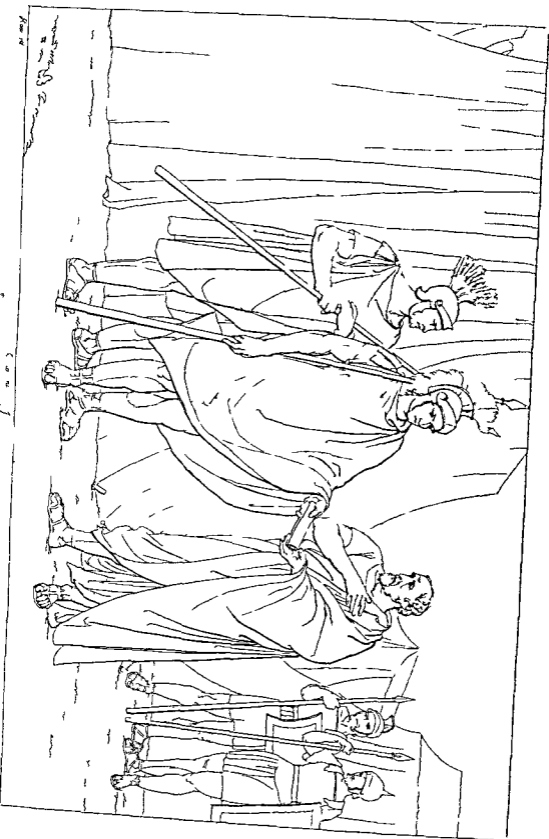


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Matthew 25:1-13  
The Parable of the Ten Virgins

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# JULIUS CÆSAR

NINE PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### *JULIUS CÆSAR*

HAVING entered upon the historical plays, it may be necessary to premise some of the restrictions within which the work will be kept, and the reasons for so doing. Many events are alluded to in the conduct of the play which, though totally unconnected with the main plot, are necessary for the development of character—filling up the inferior parts of the scenes—and giving an historical air to the whole. These, if represented, would only distract the attention, and serve to confuse, rather than to elucidate, the principal subject. The scenes therefore, which have been taken from *JULIUS CÆSAR* are only those of the highest rank in the play. The acts of the mob, the “portents, battles, &c have been omitted, unless a principal character is involved, as *ANTONY* in his funeral oration over *CÆSAR*’s body, and *BRUTUS* with the ghost of *CÆSAR* in his tent. *PORTIA*’s death has also been omitted, as totally unfit for pictorial representation. *JULIUS CÆSAR*, *BRUTUS*, and *ANTONY* are portraits

## I

ANTONY *offering the crown to CÆSAR.*—CASSIUS  
*endeavouring to rouse BRUTUS*

“ . . . Mark Antony *offered* him a crown,  
he put it by once, but, for all that, to my thinking, he  
would fain have had it Then he offered it to him again,  
then he put it by again but, to my thinking, he was very  
loath to lay his fingers off it And then he offered it the  
third time, he put it the third time by and still as he re-  
fused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped  
hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered  
such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the  
crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar

CASS . . . I have heard,  
When many of the best respect in Rome,  
(Except immortal Cæsar), speaking of Brutus,  
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,  
Have wish'd that Brutus had his eyes

BRU Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

What means this shouting? I do fear, the people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

CASS . . . Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so

BRU I would not, Cassius, yet I love him well ”

ACT I S 2.

## II

BRUTUS *with the Conspirators*

“DECIVS Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?”

CASS Decius, well urg'd I think it is not meet,  
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar

BRU Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,  
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs,  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar

And, gentle friends,  
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds

And for Mark Antony, think not of him,  
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
When Cæsar's head is off

ACT II S 1

## III

BRUTUS *and* PORTIA

‘POR No, my Brutus’  
You have some sick offence within your mind  
Which, by the right and virtue of my place  
I ought to know of and upon my lips  
I charm you by my once commended beauty

That you unfold to me, yourself, your half  
Why you are heavy and what men to night  
Have had resort to you for here have been  
Some six or seven who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness

BRU Kneel not, gentle Portia

POR I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus

ACT II S 1

## IV

*The Conspirators coming to fetch CÆSAR to the Capitol—CALPHURNIA endeavouring to prevent his going*

“ CÆSAR    How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia ?

I am ashamed I did yield to them —  
Give me my robe, for I will go —

Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me,  
And we, like friends, will straightway go together

BRU    That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon !”

ACT II S 2

## V

*The death of CÆSAR.—The Conspirators join in requesting the repeal of PUBLIUS CIMBER's banishment.*

“ CINNA    O Cæsar !——

CÆSAR                    Hence ! wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

DEC.    Great Cæsar !——

CÆSAR                    Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

CASCA.    Speak, hands, for me ”

*(Stabs CÆSAR in the neck. The other Conspirators then stab him, and at last BRUTUS The senators and people retire in confusion )*

ACT III S 1

## VI

ANTONY *s* speech over the dead body of CÆSAR

“ ANT

Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here  
Here is himself marr'd, as you see, with traitors

1st CIT O piteous spectacle!

2d CIT O noble Cæsar!

3d CIT O woful day!

4th CIT O traitors! villains!

1st CIT O most bloody sight!

2d CIT We will be revenged! Revenge! about,—  
seel,—burn,—fire—kill,—slay!—let not a traitor live!

ACT III S 2

## VII

*After the reconciliation between* BRUTUS *and*  
CASSIUS

“ BRU O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs

CASS Of your philosophy you make no use

If you give place to accidental evils

BRU No man bears sorrow better —Portia is dead

CASS Ha! Portia?

BRU She is dead

CASS How escap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?

ACT IV S 3

## VIII

BRUTUS *reading*.—*Ghost of CÆSAR enters*

“BRU. How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?”

I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
That shapes this monstrous apparition  
It comes upon me —Art thou any thing?  
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,  
That mak’st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?  
Speak to me, what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus

BRU. Why comest thou?”

GHOST. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRU. Well,

Then I shall see thee again?”

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi” (*Vanishes.*)  
Act IV S 3

## IX

*Battle of Philippi*

“BRU. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails” Act V S 3

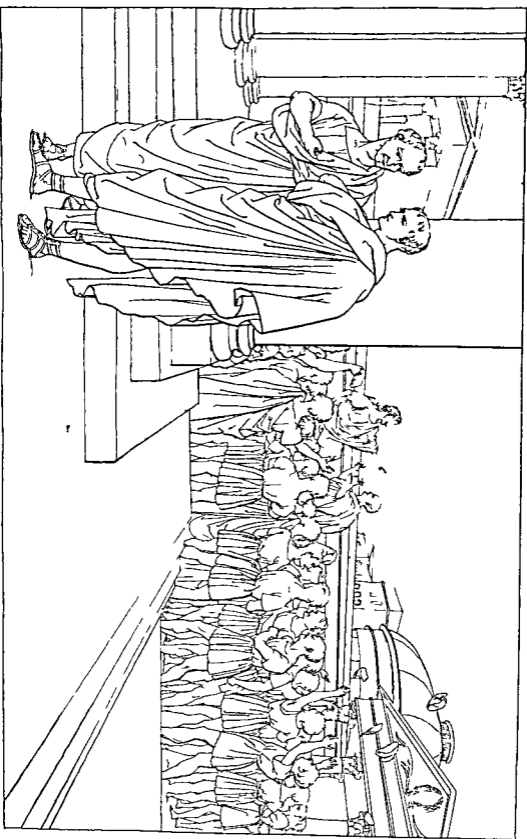
I pr’ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect,  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it

Farewell, good Strato!—Cæsar, now be still  
I kill’d not thee with half so good a will. Act V S. 5  
*The dead bodies of CASSIUS and TITINIUS are lying  
in the middle ground*

Brave Titinius!

Look whe’ he have not crown’d dead Cassius!”

Act V S 3







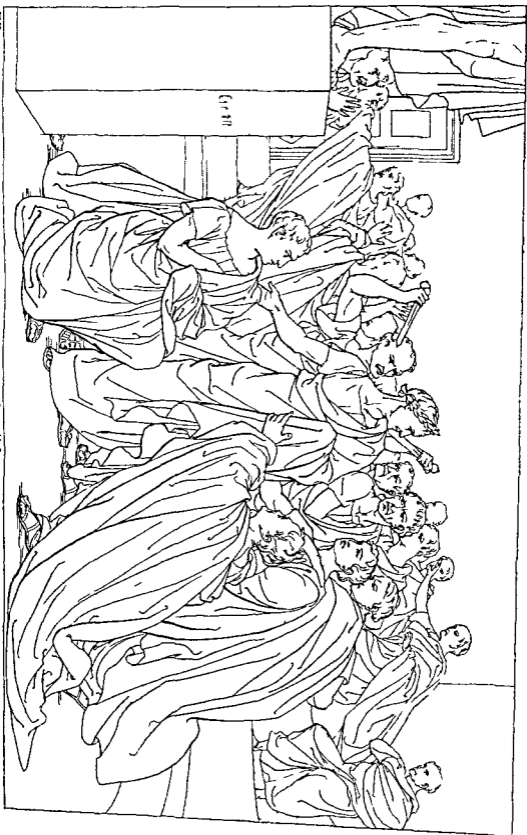




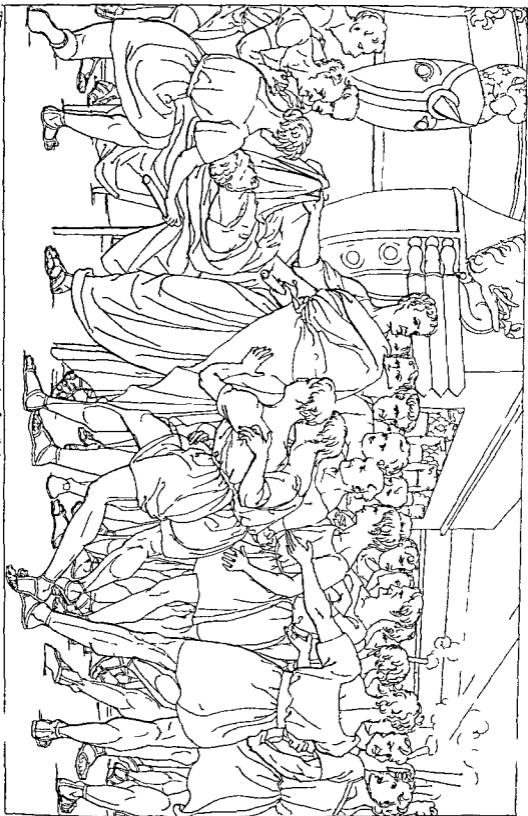












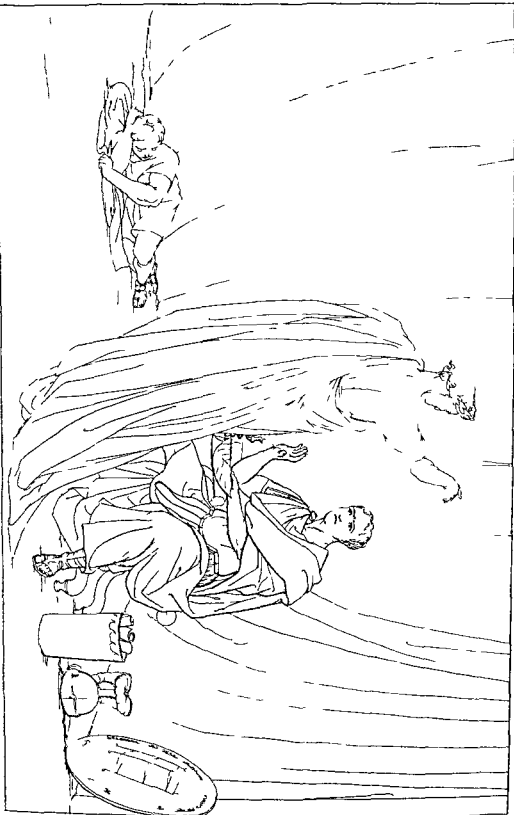




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Julius Caesar, Act 1, Scene 1, 187, by J. C. G. Vincent











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# ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

THIRTEEN PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### *ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA*

THE remarks prefixed to JULIUS CÆSAR will also closely apply to the choice of subjects in this play. The continual change of place without any incident particularly illustrative of the story rendered it absolutely necessary to take up the main plot and illustrate it by the most characteristic scenes overlooking many of the minor points and amongst them the scene in POMPEY'S galley. In short, ANTONY and CLEOPATRA have been made decidedly the subjects, and no more of the other characters introduced than was found useful for the development of the principals. ANTONY, CLEOPATRA, CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA are all portraits

## I

CLEOPATRA *arriving at Taurus*

“ . The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,  
 Burn'd on the water the poop was beaten gold,  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that  
 The winds were love-sick with them the oars were silver,  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water, which they beat, to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes For her own person,  
 It beggar'd all description she did lie  
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tissue,)   
 O'erpicturing that Venus, where we see  
 The fancy outwork nature on each side her  
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,  
 With divers colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,  
 And what they undid, did.

Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,  
 So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,  
 And made their bends adornings at the helm  
 A seeming mermaid steers, the silken tackle  
 Swells with the touches of those flower-soft hands,  
 That yarely frame the office From the barge  
 A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
 Of the adjacent wharfs The city cast  
 Her people out upon her, and Antony,  
 Enthron'd in the market-place, did sit alone,  
 Whistling to the air, which, but for vacancy,  
 Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too,  
 And made a gap in nature.”

ACT II S 2

## II

ANTONY *taking leave of CLEOPATRA on hearing of  
the death of his wife FULVIA*

“CLEO Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your going  
But bid farewell, and go when you sued staying,  
Then was the time for words no going then —  
Eternity was on our lips, and eyes  
Bliss in our brows bent none our parts so poor  
But was a race of heaven

ANT Hear me, queen  
The strong necessity of time commands  
Our services a while but my full heart  
Remains in use with you

My more particular,  
And that which most with you should save my going  
Is Fulvia's death

CLEO Courteous lord, one word  
Sir, you and I must part,—but that's not it  
Sir, you and I have loved,—but there's not it  
That you know well Something it is I would —  
O, my oblivion is a very Antony  
And I am all forgotten !

ACT I S 3

## III

*The meeting between OCTAVIUS CÆSAR and ANTONY.*

“ CÆSAR. I wrote to you,  
When noting in Alexandria. you  
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts  
Did gibe my missive out of audience.

You have broken  
The article of your oath, which you shall never  
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEP Soft, Cæsar

ANT. No, Lepidus, let him speak,  
The honour's sacred which he talks on now,  
Supposing that I lack'd it But on, Cæsar,  
The article of my oath'—

CÆSAR To lend me arms, and aid, when I required  
them,  
The which you both denied.”

ACT II S. 2.

## IV.

*The marriage of ANTONY with OCTAVIA*

“ He's married to Octavia.

ACT II. S. 5

CÆSAR. You take from me a great part of myself,  
Use me well in it ”

ACT III S. 2

## V

*The return of OCTAVIA to Rome*

“ OCT    Hail, Cæsar, and my lord! hail, most dear  
Cæsar!

CÆSAR    That ever I should call thee east or west!

OCT    You have not call'd me so, nor have you cause

CÆSAR    Why have you stol'n upon us thus? You come  
not

Like Cæsar's sister    The wife of Antony  
Should have an army for an usher, and  
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,  
Long ere she did appear    the trees by the way,  
Should have borne men    and expectation fainted,  
Longing for what it had not    nay, the dust  
Should have ascended to the roof of heaven  
Raised by your populous troops    But you are come  
A market maid to Rome

OCT                                    Good my lord  
To come thus was I not constrain'd but did it  
On my free will

AGRIPPA                    Welcome, lady

MECENAS                                    Welcome, dear madam  
Each heart in Rome does love and pity you

ACT III S 6



## VIII

CLEOPATRA *assisting to arm* ANTONY

"CLEO                      Nay I'll help too  
What's this for?  
Is not this buckled well?

ANT                      Rarely, rarely,  
Thou fumblest, Eros and my queen's a squire  
More tight at this than thou —Despatch —O love,  
That thou couldst see my wars to dry, and knewst  
The royal occupation !

Act IV S 4

## IN

‘ ANT All is lost  
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me  
My fleet hath yielded to the foe

*Enter CLEOPATRA*

Ah, thou spell ' avunt ' !

CLEO Why is my lord enraged against his love?

ANT Vanish or I shall give thee thy deserving,  
And blemish Cæsar's triumph Let him take thee  
And hoist thee up to the shouting plebeians  
Follow his chariot, like the greatest spot  
Of all thy sex

ACT IV S 10

## X

ANTONY *calls upon* EROS *to kill him.*

“EROS Turn from me then that noble countenance,  
Wherein the worship of the whole world lies

ANT. Lo thee *(Turning from him)*

EROS Farewell, great chief Shall I strike now?

ANT. Now, Eros.

EROS Why, there then — *(Falls on his sword.)*  
Thus do I escape the sorrow

Of Antony's death *(Dies)*

ANT Thrice nobler than myself!

Eros,

Thy master dies thy scholar, to do thus

I learn'd of thee *(Falls on his sword)*

How! not yet dead? not dead?

The guard!—ho!—O, despatch me!

*Enter Guard.*

What's the noise?

ANT I have done my work ill, friends; O make an  
end

Of what I have begun!

GUARD Alas, and woe!”

ACT IV S. 12

## VI

CLEOPATRA, IRAS, and CHARMIAN *raising up*  
ANTONY *into the monument*

CLEO                                   Come, come, Antony!—  
Help me, my women — We must draw thee up —  
  O come, come, come  
And welcome, welcome! die where thou hast lived  
Quicken with kissing had my lips that power,  
Thus would I wear them out

ANT   I am dying, Egypt, dying

ACT IV S 13

*(The guard are assisting in raising ANTONY by  
means of his cloak tied to the points of their spears)*

## VII

CÆSAR's *interview with* CLEOPATRA — CLEO  
PATRA *kneels*

“ CÆSAR                                   Arise,  
You shall not kneel —  
I pray you, rise   rise   Egypt  
CLEO                                   Sir, the gods  
Will have it thus, my master and my lord,  
I must obey

ACT V S 2

## XIII

*The death of CLEOPATRA*

“CLEO Show me, my women, like a queen —Go fetch  
My best attire;—I am again for Cydnus,  
To meet Mark Antony

. So,— have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.  
Farewell, kind Charmian,—Irás, long farewell !

(*Kisses them IRAS falls and dies.*)

Have I the asp in my lips ? dost fall ?

CHAR Dissolve, thick cloud, and rain, that I may say  
The gods themselves do weep !

CLEO This proves me base  
If she first meet the curled Antony,  
He ’ll make demand of her, and spend that kiss,  
Which is my heaven to have Come, mortal wretch,  
(*To the Asp, which she applies to her breast*)  
With thy sharp teeth this knot intrinsicate  
Of life at once untie ”

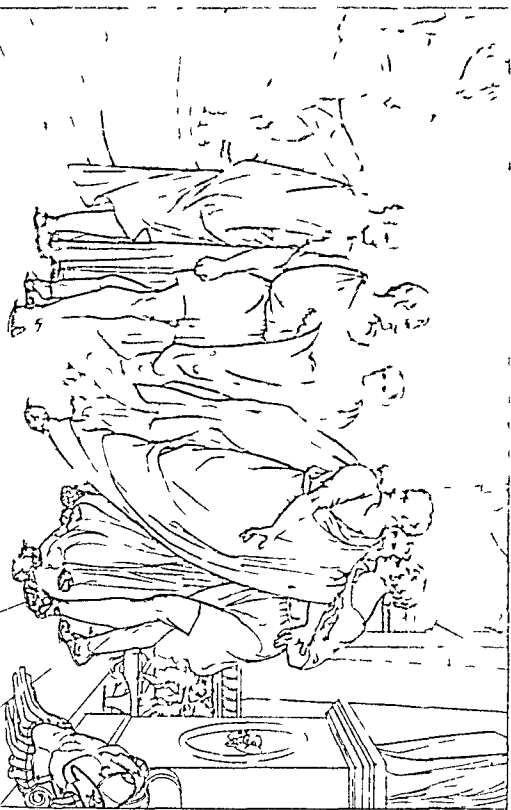
ACT V. S. 2



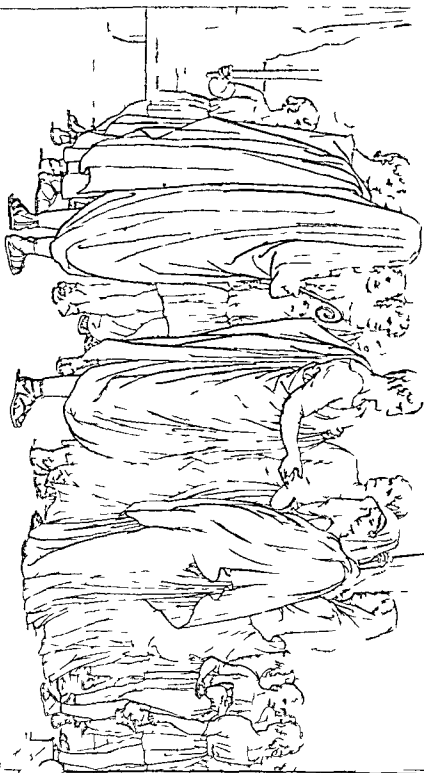




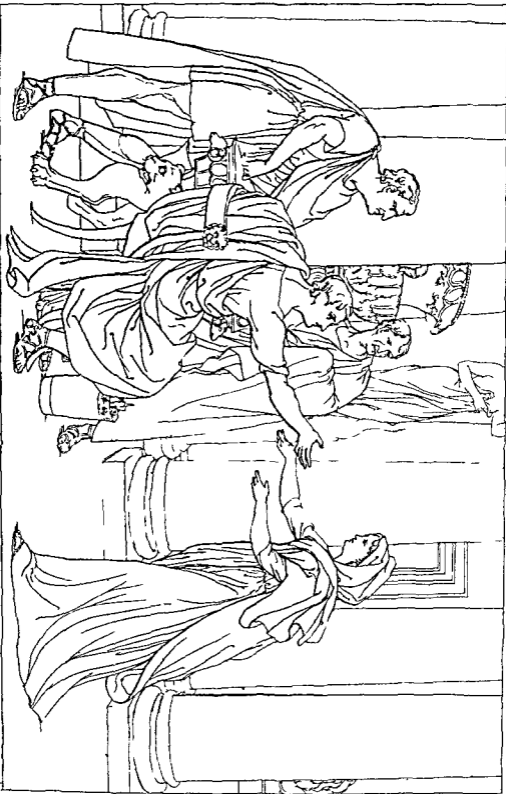








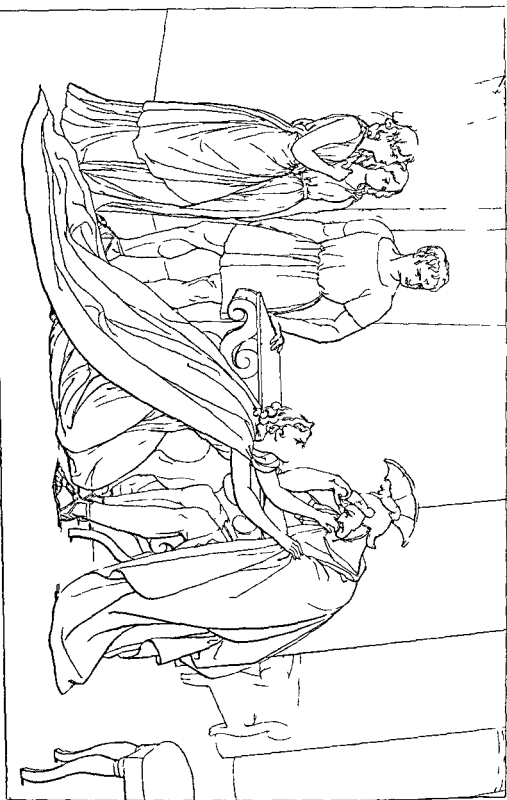




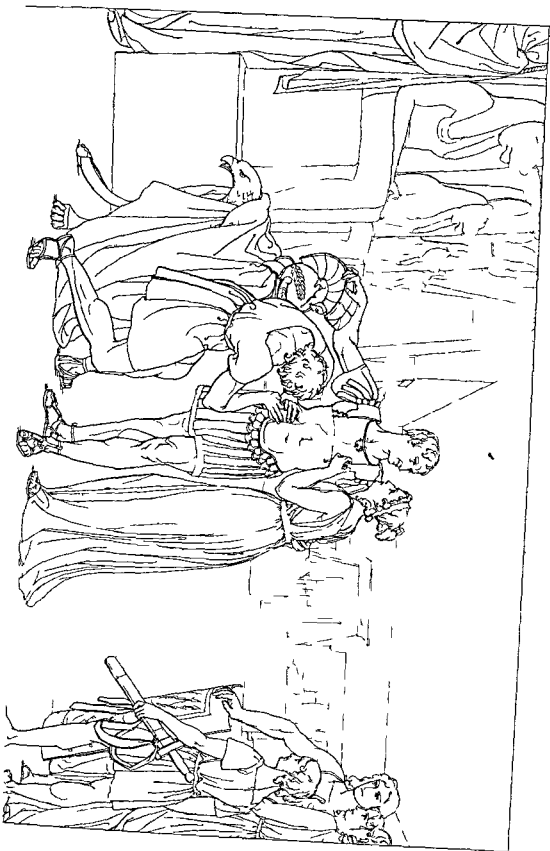




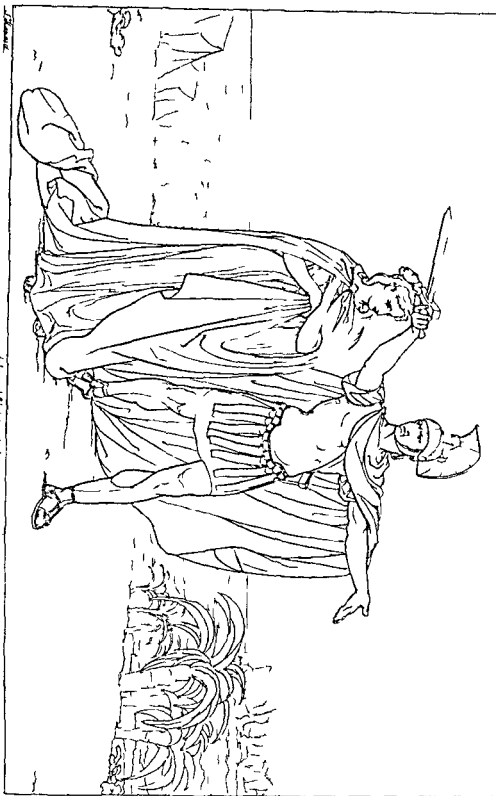




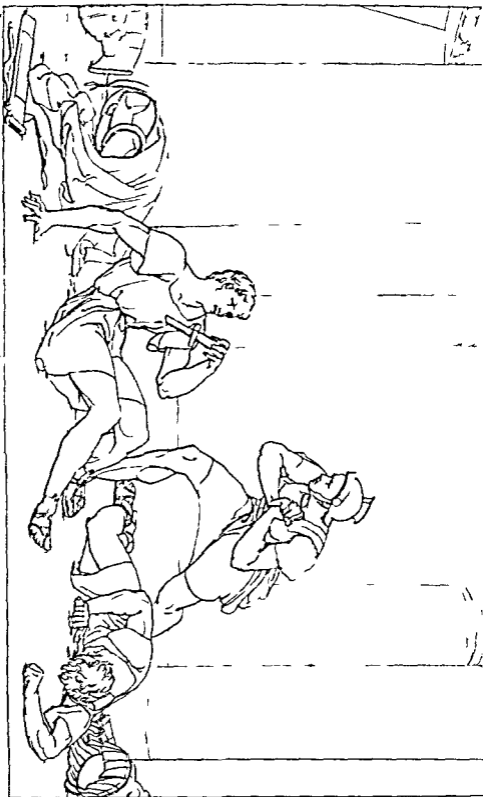












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# CYMBELINE

EIGHTEEN PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### *CYMBELINE*

Two introductory scenes have been found necessary to explain the story—BELARIUS stealing the children, and the second marriage of CYMBELINE. The former to show the connexion between GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS, and CYMBELINE, the latter to give the relative situations of the principal characters at the commencement of the play.

Shakspeare has rendered a few deviations from strict costume absolutely necessary, but care has been taken that such deviations are as slight as possible and in such a course as alone was practicable viz imitations from Rome

## I.

BELARIUS *and* EURIPHILE *stealing* GUIDERIUS  
*and* ARVIRAGUS, *sons of* CYMBELINE.

“BEL At three and two years old I stole these babes.

ACT III. S 3

Their nurse, Euriphile,  
 Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
 Upon my banishment ”

ACT V S 5

IMOGEN *is left sleeping on the couch*

## II

“ *The marriage of* CYMBELINE *with the mother of*  
 CLOTEN

. . . . . “ A widow  
 That late he married ”

ACT I S. 1

POSTHUMUS *is ingratiating himself with* IMOGEN,  
*and* CLOTEN *receiving the first impression*

### III

### *The banishment of* POSTHUMUS

" Post                  For my sake, wear this  
                              (*Putting on a bracelet*)

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords*

CYR   Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!  
If, after this command, thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest —Away!  
Thou art poison to my blood

Ivo                      There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is'

ACT I S 2

*The QUEEN is seen as the instigator of CYMBELINE's cruelty and CLOTEN meditating his attack on POSTHUMUS*

## IV

POSTHUMUS *re-enters with IACHIMO*

‘Post I shall but lend my diamond till your return  
Let there be covenants drawn between us My mistress  
exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy think-  
ing I dare you to this match here s my ring

ACT I S 5

## V.

IACHIMO's *attempt on* IMOGEN

"IACH Let me my service tender on your lips

IMO Away! I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee

. . . . .  
Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
From thy report, as thou from honour, and  
Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
Thee and the devil alike."

ACT I S 7.

## VI

IACHIMO *stealing* IMOGEN's *bracelet*

"IACH O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off!—  
As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard —  
'Tis mine"

ACT II. S 2.

## VII

CLOTEN *tendering his services to* IMOGEN

"CLOTEN Still, I swear I love you

IMO. If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me  
If you swear still, your recompense is still,  
That I regard it not"

ACT II S. 3

## VIII

IACHIMO *produces the bracelet as testimony of his having  
won his wager*

"IACH I beg but leave to air this jewel See!—  
And now 'tis up again It must be married  
To that your diamond I'll keep them

Jove!

Once more let me behold it Is it that  
Which I left with her?"

ACT II S 4

## IX

PISANIO *having, by the order of POSTHUMUS, in-  
duced IMOGLN to go to Milford Haven to meet him,  
shows the letter in which POSTHUMUS commands  
her death*

"IMO reads 'Let thine own hands take away her life  
I shall give thee opportunities at Milford Haven, &c

PIS No 'tis slander

Whose edge is sharper than the sword whose tongue  
Out venoms all the worms of the Nile

ACT III S 4

## X

IMOGEN, *disguised as a boy, in BELARIUS' care.*  
 BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS  
*returning*

BEL But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
 Here were a fairy

GUI What's the matter, sir?

BEL By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
 An earthly paragon! Behold divineness,  
 No elder than a boy."

ACT III. S. 6

## XI

CLOTEN *compelling* PISANIO *to produce* POST-  
 HUMUS' *garments, on discovering that* IMOGEN *was*  
*gone.*

"CLO. With that suit on my back will I ravish her  
 First kill him, and in her eyes there shall she see my  
 valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt  
 He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his  
 dead body,—and when my lust hath dined (which, as I  
 say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so  
 praised), to the court I'll knock her back—foot her home  
 again."

ACT III S. 5.

## VII

IMOGEN *supposed to be dead from the operation of a drug  
given to her by PISANIO*

(CLOTEN *has been killed by GUIDERIUS,  
whom he had attacked*)

“ GUI I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother his body's hostage  
For his return

*Enter ARVIRAGUS bearing IMOGEN as dead in  
his arms*

ARV The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on I had rather  
Have skip'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than to have seen this

GUI O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not one half so well  
As when thou grew'st thyself

BEL O melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom?

Act IV S 2



## xv

POSTHUMUS *resumes the Roman habit, and yields him-  
self a prisoner*

" I CAN Stand! who is there?"

PostA Roman,  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answered him

2 CAR                      Lay hand on him! a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here'

ACT V S 3

## XVI

### POSTHUMUS *vision in the prison*

(The ghosts of his father, mother, and two brothers appear and are complaining to Jupiter of his hard fate Jupiter appears sitting on an eagle The ghosts fall on their knees)

"JUR No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing  
This tablet lay upon his breast wherein  
Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine

Acfr V S 4

## XVII

CYMBELINE *having promised IMOGEN, as LUCIUS' page, any request she can have to make, she desires that IACHIMO may be compelled to show how he obtained POSTHUMUS' ring.* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS, *in doubt about the identity of IMOGEN.*

BEL. Is not this boy revived from death?

ARV. One and another

Not more resembles That sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele — What think you?

GUI. The same dead thing alive.

CYM. Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud — Sir, (to IACH) step you forth  
Give answer to this boy, and do it freely

IMO. My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring

IACH. By villany

I got this ring 'twas Leonatus' jewel,

. . . I wagered with him,

. . . to attain

In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring

. . . . .

. I returned with simular proof enough

To make the noble Leonatus mad, . . .

. . . . .

this her bracelet,

(O cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks

Of secret on her person, that he could not

But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,

I having ta'en the forfeit

Post Italian fiend! —"

## XVIII

IMOGEN *discovers herself* BELARIUS *restores* CUI-  
DERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS *to* CYMBELINE *as his*  
*sons*

“IMO Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?  
Think, that you are upon a rock and now  
Throw me again

POST Hang there like fruit, my soul  
Till the tree die

BEL. Mighty sir  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons are none of mine  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting

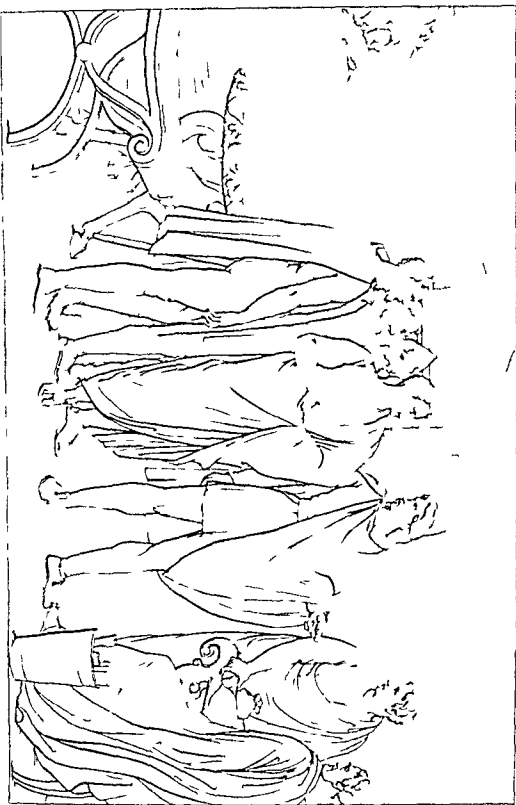
CYM How! my issue?

ACT V S 5















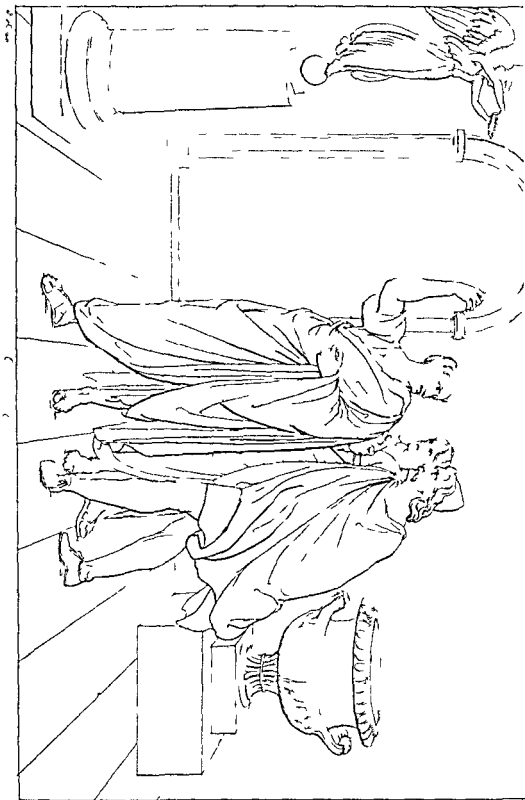






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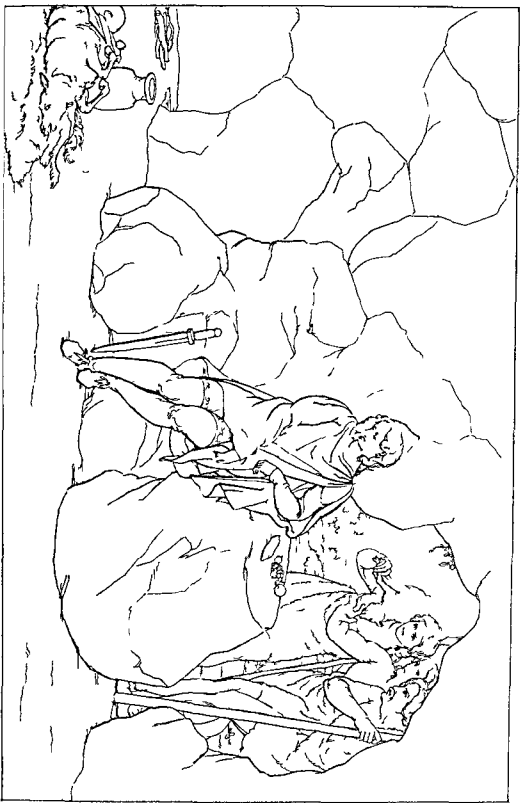




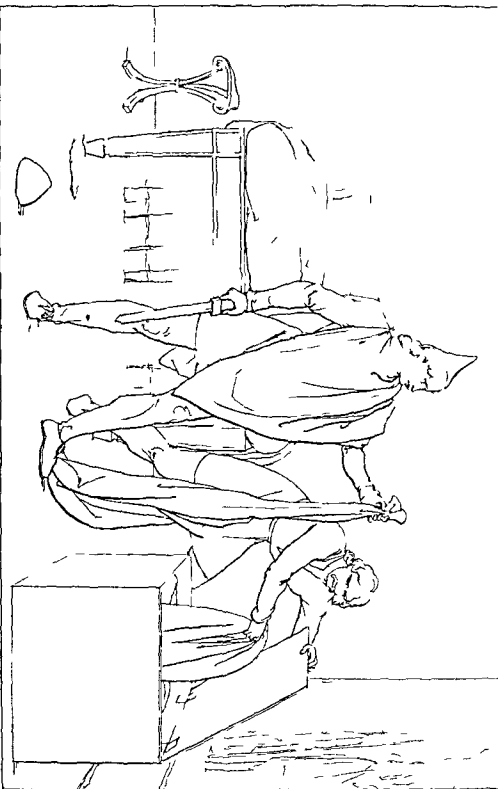




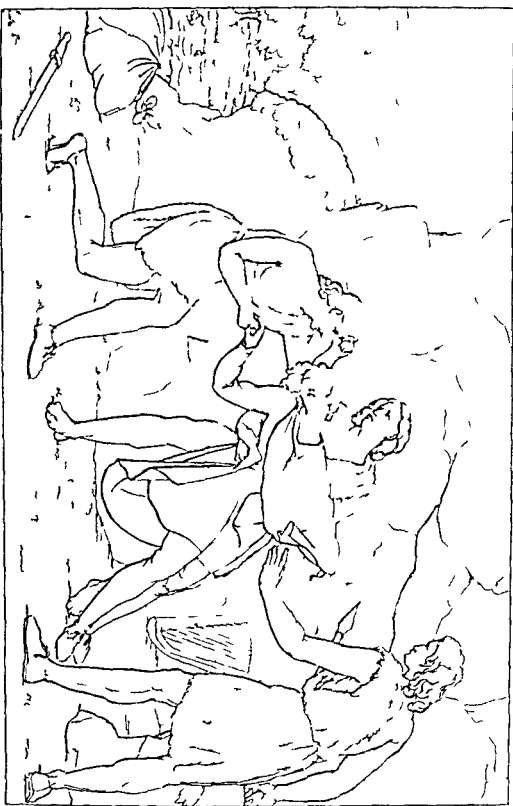




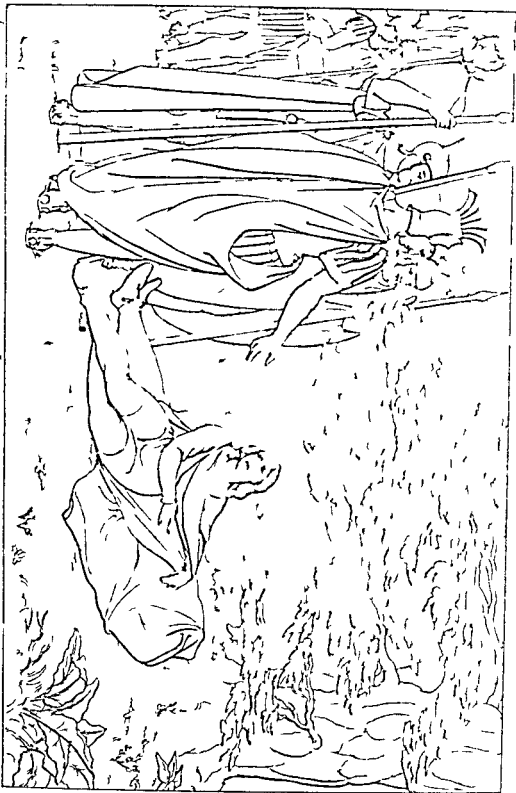








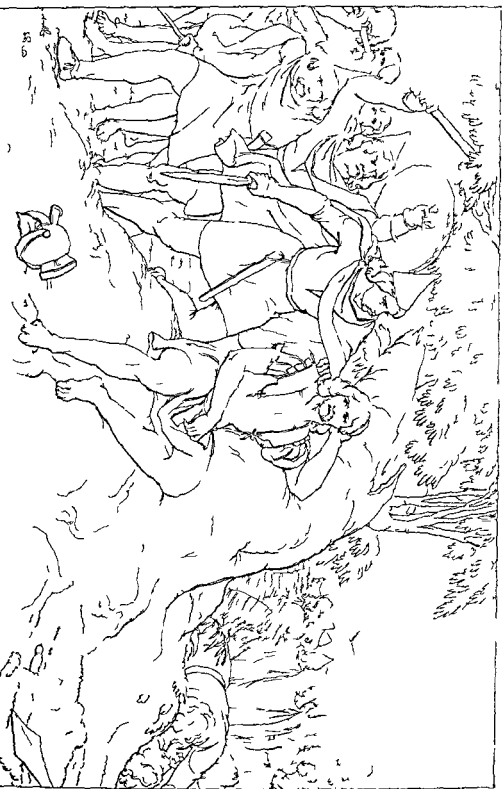








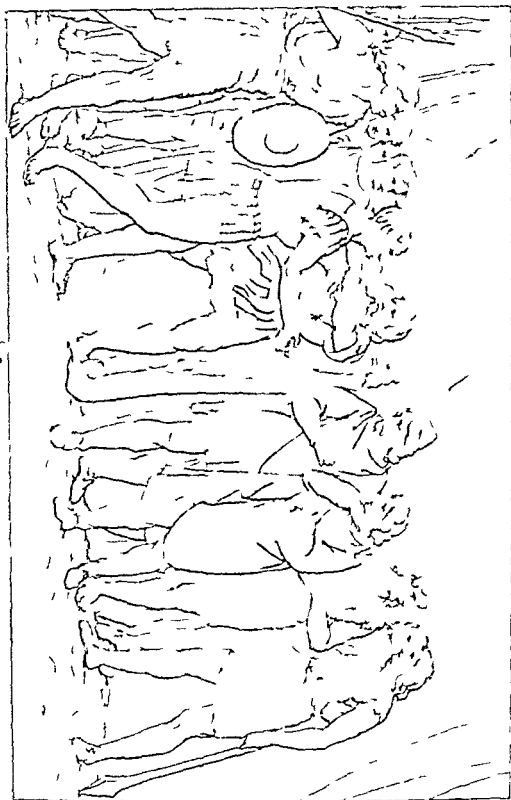


















# PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

• NINE PLATES

DRAWN AND ENGRAVED

BY FRANK HOWARD



## REFERENCES DESCRIPTIVE OF THE PLATES

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### *PERICLES PRINCE OF TYRE*

THE very great doubt of the authenticity of this play as one of Shakspeare's and the universal sentence of its inferiority in interest and execution to his undoubted productions, might seem to warrant its omission in a work of such extent as this series of illustrations has unavoidably become, but it so generally forms a part in the numerous editions of our great poet that these illustrations, purporting to be suited to almost all editions, without it would be incomplete

The illustration of the first part of the story, alluding to Antiochus, has not been attempted, on account of the impossibility of drawing either a riddle or its explication and its general character being so decidedly objectionable, as well as unnecessary to the main plot of the play



# I

"SIMONIDES                      Either be ruled by me,  
or I will make you man and wife,—

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too —  
And being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy —  
And for a further grief,—God give you joy!  
What, are you both pleased?

THAISA Yes, if you love me, sir

PERICLES Even as my life, my blood that fosters it

SIM What, are you both agreed?

BOTH Yes, please your majesty

ACT II S 5

## II

### THAISA's burial at sea

“1ST SAILOR Sir your queen must overboard the sea works high, the wind is loud and will not lie till the ship be cleared of the dead

ACT III S 1

## III

*The revival of THAISA in the house of CERIMON.*

“ CERIMON.            She is alive, behold  
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels  
Which Pericles hath lost,  
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold,  
The diamonds of a most pure water  
Appear, to make the world twice rich    O live,  
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,  
Rare as you seem to be !

THAISA.                            O, dear Diana,  
Where am I ? Where 's my lord ? What world is this ?”

ACT III. S. 2.

## IV

*MARINA rescued from LIONINE by pirates.*

“ 1ST PIRATE    Hold, villain !

2D PIR    A prize

3D PIR    Half part, mates, half part, come, let 's have  
her aboard suddenly ”

ACT IV S. 1.

## V

CLEON *shows PERICLES the tomb of MARINA,*  
*professing that she had died a natural death.*

Dumb show

ACT IV S 4

## VI

*The visit of* LYSIMACHUS *to* MARINA *at* BOULT'S  
*house*

“BAWD There comes that which grows to the stalk —  
never pluck'd yet, I can assure you Is she not a fair  
creature?

LYSIMACHUS Faith, she would serve after a long voyage  
at sea Well, there's for you —leave us

BAWD (*Aside to Marina*) Pray you, without any more  
virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line  
your apron with gold.

MAR What he will do graciously, I will thankfully  
receive

ACT IV S 6

## VII

MARINA *and* LYSIMACHUS

‘MAR If you were born to honour show it now  
If put upon you make the judgment good  
That thought you worthy of it

LYS How's this? How's this?—Some more—be sage

MAR O that the good gods  
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place  
Though they did change me to the meanest bird  
That flies in the purer air!

ACT IV S 6

## VIII

PERICLES *discovers* MARINA, *who has been introduced to him as a stranger to relieve his woes by her conversation and her music*

“PERICLES.

O, Helicanus,

Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods, as loud  
As thunder threatens us This is Marina.  
What was thy mother's name ? Tell me but that,  
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,  
Though doubts did ever sleep.

MAR. . . . . My mother's name was Thaisa.  
Thaisa was my mother, who did end  
The minute I began

PER. Now, blessing on thee, rise, thou art my child.”

ACT V S 1.

## IX

*The discovery of THAISA in the temple of DIANA,  
whither PERICLES had gone, in obedience to a vision  
from the goddess.*

“MAR

My heart

Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

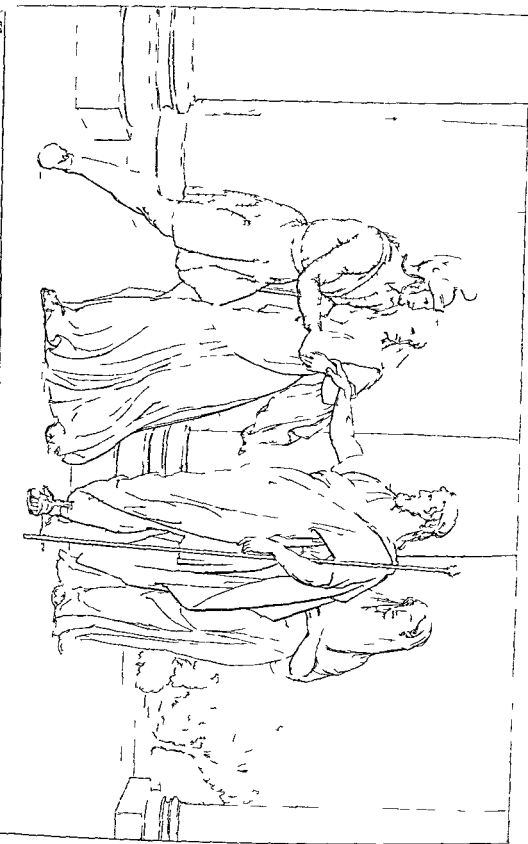
(*She kneels to THAISA*)

PER Look ! who kneels here ? Flesh of thy flesh,  
Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,  
For she was yielded there.

THAI

Blessed, and mine own.”

ACT V. S 3



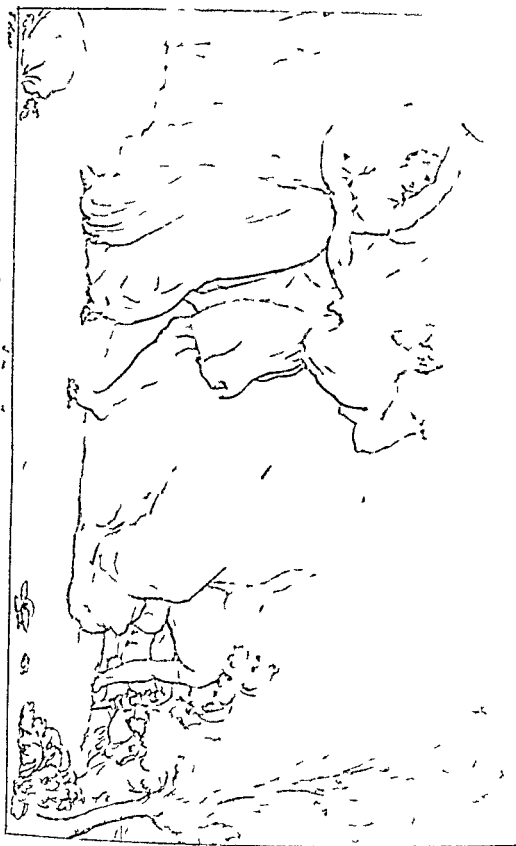




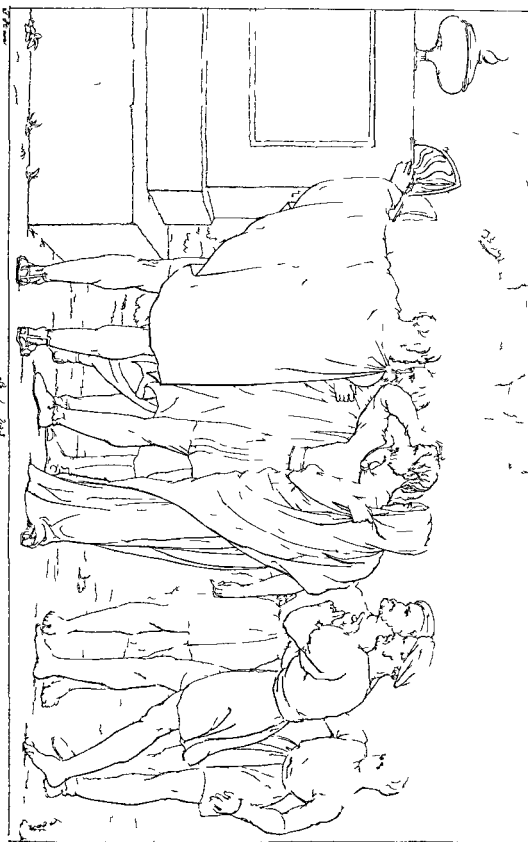
















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